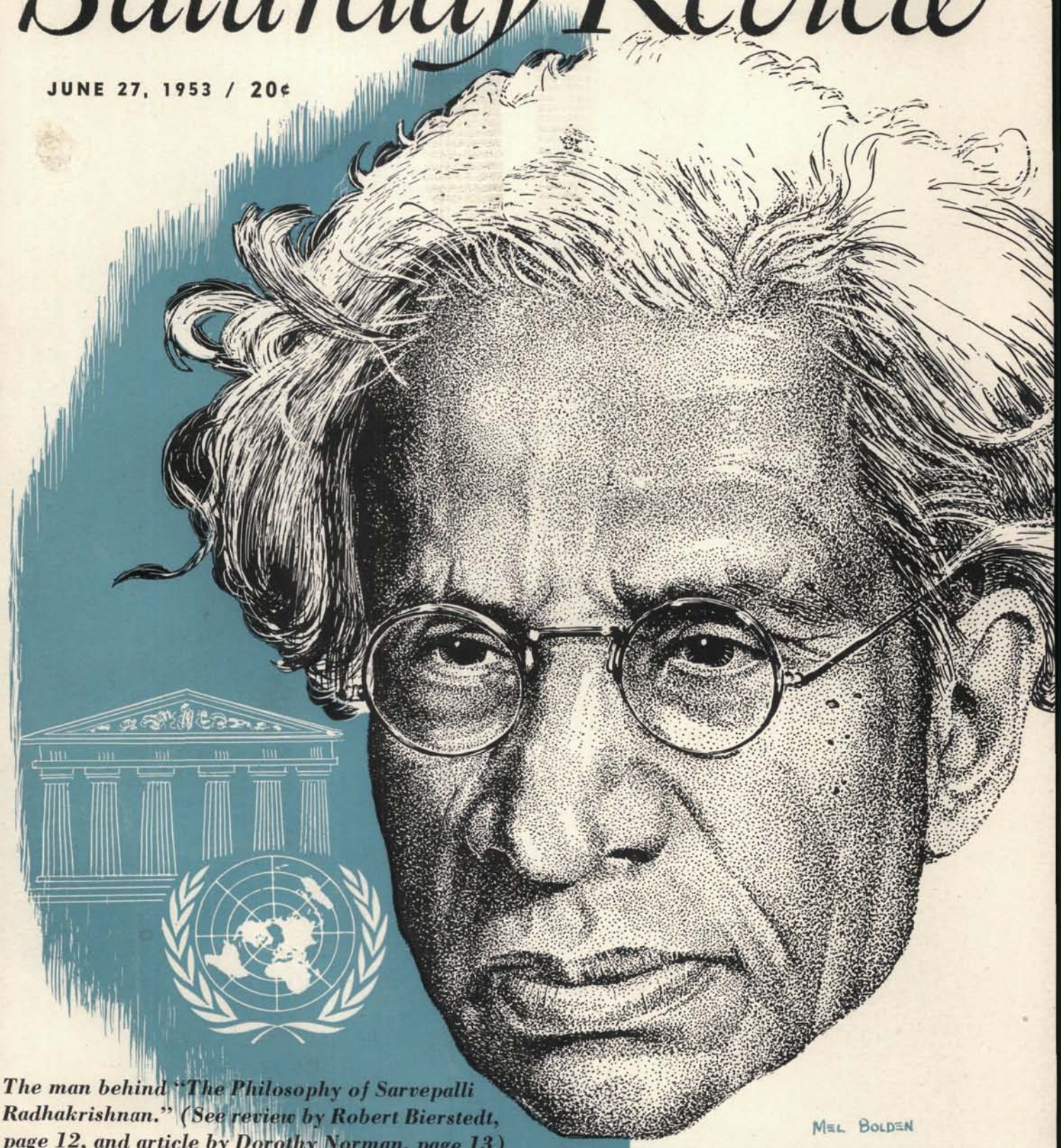
With Mike and Tape in Europe . . . By James Fassett (Recordings, page 43)

# Saturday Review

JUNE 27, 1953 / 20¢



*The man behind "The Philosophy of Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan." (See review by Robert Bierstedt, page 12, and article by Dorothy Norman, page 13)*

MEL BOLDEN

## HUMAN WANT IS OBSOLETE . . . By Gerard Piel

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"A masterpiece . . . Musil was one of the greatest writers of this century . . . What else can one say when a novel recalls in so many ways such other great novelists as James, Dostoevski, Mann, Proust, Joyce, Tolstoy?"—*Washington Post*

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"This is a distinguished novel of ideas — but that hardly begins to describe a book of many qualities. It is social satire, incisive and entertaining; it deals also with the tragicomedy of human relationships . . . particularly the tragicomedy of love. Robert Musil is a sort of daylight Kafka."—Maxwell Geismar

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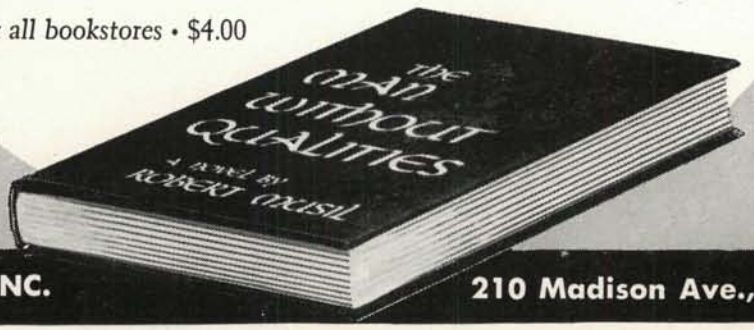


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# Good News

▶ In Elizabeth, N. J., a thief recently broke into the home of a Presbyterian minister during the family's absence. Upon their return the clergyman and his wife found the house ransacked but nothing was missing. On the floor of his study the minister found the scattered pages of notes on his Sunday sermon. The thief had apparently read the sermon and had a change of heart.

▶ To supplement emergency aid to towns destroyed by floods in Belgium, the Netherlands, and Britain with permanent assistance, 500 of the largest European cities are now being asked to "adopt" one or more of these towns facing the problem of reconstruction. Announcing the project, the mayor of Bordeaux, France, reported there has been an immediate response from all the cities approached. Bordeaux has adopted three towns, one in each of the flood-damaged countries.

▶ The Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation recently announced a model scholarship program to send high-school students to college. It is expected the program will eventually cover 400 students, pay their full four-year tuition, add an allowance for board and textbooks, and give an annual $600 grant to the colleges that select them.

▶ In the face of the Malan Government's violent and continued support of racial segregation, the Supreme Court of Appeals of the Union of South Africa has handed down a constitutional decision invalidating racial segregation unless equal facilities were offered to both whites and other races. The decision was passed in the case of an African native who sat in a waiting room reserved for whites.

▶ A new printing process has been announced at UNESCO's regional fundamental-education training center at Patzcuaro, Mexico. Designed primarily for production of posters, it is cheap and simple enough for any teacher to use. Key to the method is engraving on wax from which a printing plate is cast. The finished product, made of glue and glycerine, has a rubbery texture from which any poster can be printed—even without a press. Developed as part of the center's job to find inexpensive ways of producing highly specialized materials, "Patzcuaro's posters" have shown 14,000 inhabitants of twenty Tarascan villages how they can improve their standard of living.


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— JULIA L. SAUER, *The Horn Book*

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The Fourth of July holiday this year will give many people a three-day weekend, which means a fine opportunity for staying home and doing some uninterrupted reading.

¶ A good book for at least part of the weekend is Howard Swiggett's new biography of George Washington, "The Great Man."

¶ Washington, while easily the most respected of the Founding Fathers, is surely the least understood. In his book Swiggett reveals Washington in the unfamiliar role of a human being.

¶ "The Great Man" begins with Washington's taking command of the Continental Army and ends with his death. It is thus probably the first biography that doesn't mention the cherry tree.

¶ Washington's job in the Revolution, says Swiggett, was what Eisenhower's would have been at D-Day, if he had also had Marshall's duties as Chief of Staff, Somervell's responsibility for supply, and command over MacArthur in the Pacific.

¶ Yet Washington performed these varied tasks and also found time to send fifty dollars to a major's widow, permit a poet to dedicate a poem to him, urge his stepson to write Martha, present a lock of his hair to a young girl, and give a safe conduct pass to the dog of the British General Howe.

¶ Swiggett's portrait of Washington is that of a very human being. And if, by any chance, you can't remain home to read "The Great Man" this Fourth, take your copy with you. It's perfect sun-bathing reading, especially if you happen to have (as you will) the background music of firecrackers.

*L. L. Day*
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Howard Swiggett's "The Great Man" is published by Doubleday & Company of 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, also publishers of "The Extraordinary Mr. Morris," Mr. Swiggett's biography of Gouverneur Morris.

(Advertisement)


# The Saturday Review

JUNE 27, 1953

Cover Drawing by Mel Bolden


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# TRADE Winds

**IN HER WEEKLY COLUMN** for Alicia Patterson's perky Long Island journal, *Newsday,* my wife, Phyllis, gives occasional reports of our progress in training our boxer pup, Chip, now past his first birthday, but I notice that she has neglected to comment on her experiment to stop his chasing after every car that chugs in or out of our driveway.

The fact is that Chip obeys commands just about as well as he always did, which is not at all. The sound of a running motor stimulates him to a particular frenzy, his passion leaning to missing front wheels by a fraction of an inch. Not a hair of his hide has been harmed as yet, but in order to maintain this miracle, two Chevvies to date, a Jaguar, and a Ford station wagon have smacked into the garden wall.

"There's an easy way to stop this nonsense," a well-meaning friend told us. "Fill a pail with water and a dash of ammonia added, and start your own car down the drive. When Chip comes chasing after it, throw the water at him. The ammonia will sting him just enough to put the fear of God in him, and he'll never run after a car again."

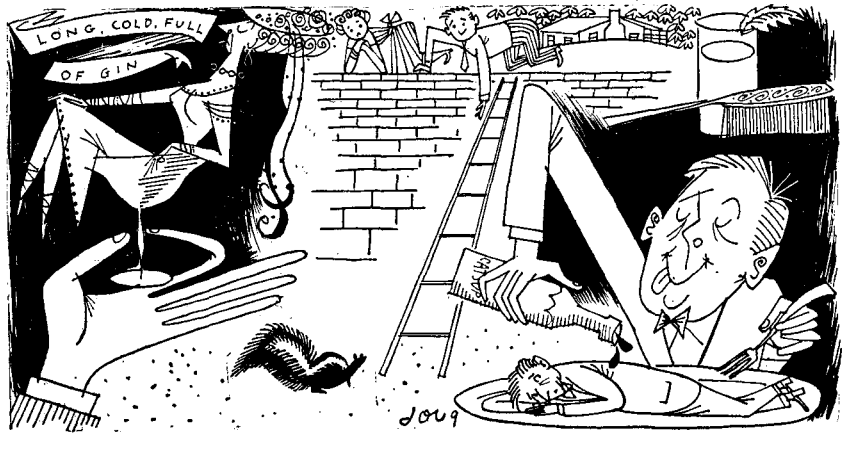
The day of the experiment, it being the spring of 1953, dawned rainy and drear, and the entire household stood by to check results. We started the car, Chip came bounding up, and Phyllis let him have the pailful. Unfortunately, however, her aim was not exactly unerring. Chip frisked happily out of range, and the water caught a delivery boy from the meat market squarely in the kisser.

Other suggested cures will be welcomed from voices of experience, and I'll detail results in a future bulletin—if I don't crash into a wall first myself in an attempt to avoid hitting that fool boxer.

**McGRAW-HILL** has just published a book by Alan and Mary Devoe called "Our Animal Neighbors," which brings back painful memories of another of our Chip's misadventures. What he did was to dispute the right of way to our Mt. Kisco property with a skunk, suffering a humiliating defeat that sent him yowling into the house, and us out of it. The delicate aroma lingered for a week. The Devoes met up with a skunk, too, but theirs was a more mannerly one, or at least it had no boxer pup around to provoke it. "Mephisto" was the name the Devoes bestowed upon it, and every year without fail it would turn up at the woodshed of their Phudd Hill estate in the Berkshires and rattle on the door to attract their attention. Its reward was a rasher of bacon. "Of all the many days of special significance to naturalists like us," writes Alan Devoe, "there were none we enjoyed more or counted on more dependably than our annual fortnight of Skunk-in-woodshed."

This year, alas, the Devoes remodeled the woodshed, and the old door was boarded up. Mephisto, understandably confused, fell into the empty swimming pool. When the book went to press, he was still brooding there, ignoring the ladder that was hastily lowered to facilitate a peaceful—and uneventful—exit. If the Devoes need any help in future dealings with Mephisto, I'll gladly let them borrow Chip for an hour or two. He'll solve the problem right on the nose!

**TOM DRIBERG,** who was a brilliant columnist for the *London Daily Ex-*

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GODS and HEROES

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TO delight this audience, and even more particularly at the request of the many thousands who relish Edith Hamilton's THE GREEK WAY TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION, the New American Library has just reprinted Edith Hamilton's MYTHOLOGY, a charming retelling of the great Greek, Roman and Norse myths for modern readers, illustrated by Steele Savage. MYTHOLOGY, in its handsome 50¢ Mentor edition belongs in every vacationing suitcase for a stimulating reading excursion into antiquity.

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OTHER Mentor Books now available for readers of the classics, include Arnold J. Toynbee's GREEK HISTORICAL THOUGHT, Machiavelli's THE PRINCE, with an introduction by Christian Gauss and LIFE STORIES OF MEN WHO SHAPED HISTORY FROM PLUTARCH'S LIVES (abridged) edited by Eduard C. Lindeman. Costing only 35¢ each, these books give modern readers new insights into the present, as well as deeper appreciation of the past.

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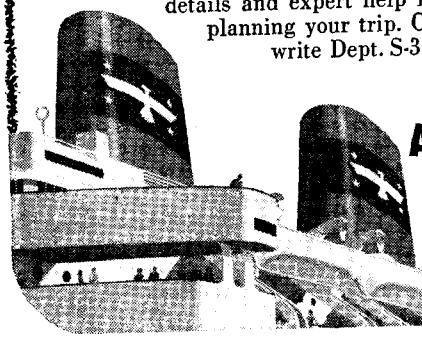

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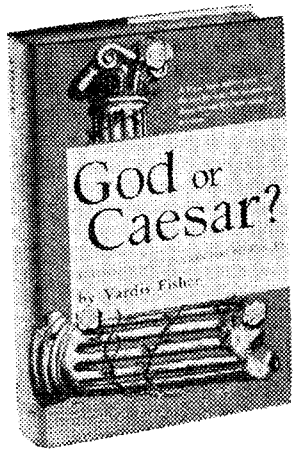


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*press* when I met him in 1936, but is now a veteran of eleven years in Parliament, has written a personal diary that Phoenix is publishing, at fifteen shillings a copy, under the title of "The Best of Both Worlds." Smuggled into his serious observations on world affairs are many witty bits that reflect his early training. Did you know, for instance, that several London "pubs" feature a drink called "the clothes brush"? When this concoction is served to a customer, the barman puts an actual, stiff-bristled clothes-brush beside it. The customer usually downs the drink in a single gulp, then falls flat on his face. A few minutes later he comes to, gravely brushes the dust off his clothes with the brush, pays his check, and goes about his business. . . . Driberg avers further that in a Soho pub where he was watching the clothes-brush routine in its finest flowering, one customer, at least, had the strength of mind to order something else. "Just whip up something long and cold and full of gin," he commanded. The man alongside him promptly volunteered, "Take my wife here."

**ON ONE OF HIS VISITS** to these shores, in those relatively carefree days before World War II, Tom Driberg, who could talk Malenkov and Beria into doing a brother act at the Palladium if allowed ten minutes in which to exercise his powers of persuasion, somehow wangled the use

## FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 523

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 523 will be found in the next issue.*

SRQQPO PQ NPML

LKARBLC NPMDEPRFQGB.

LGHLEZ WFHHDEC

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 522*

Great geniuses have the shortest biographies.
—R. W. EMERSON.

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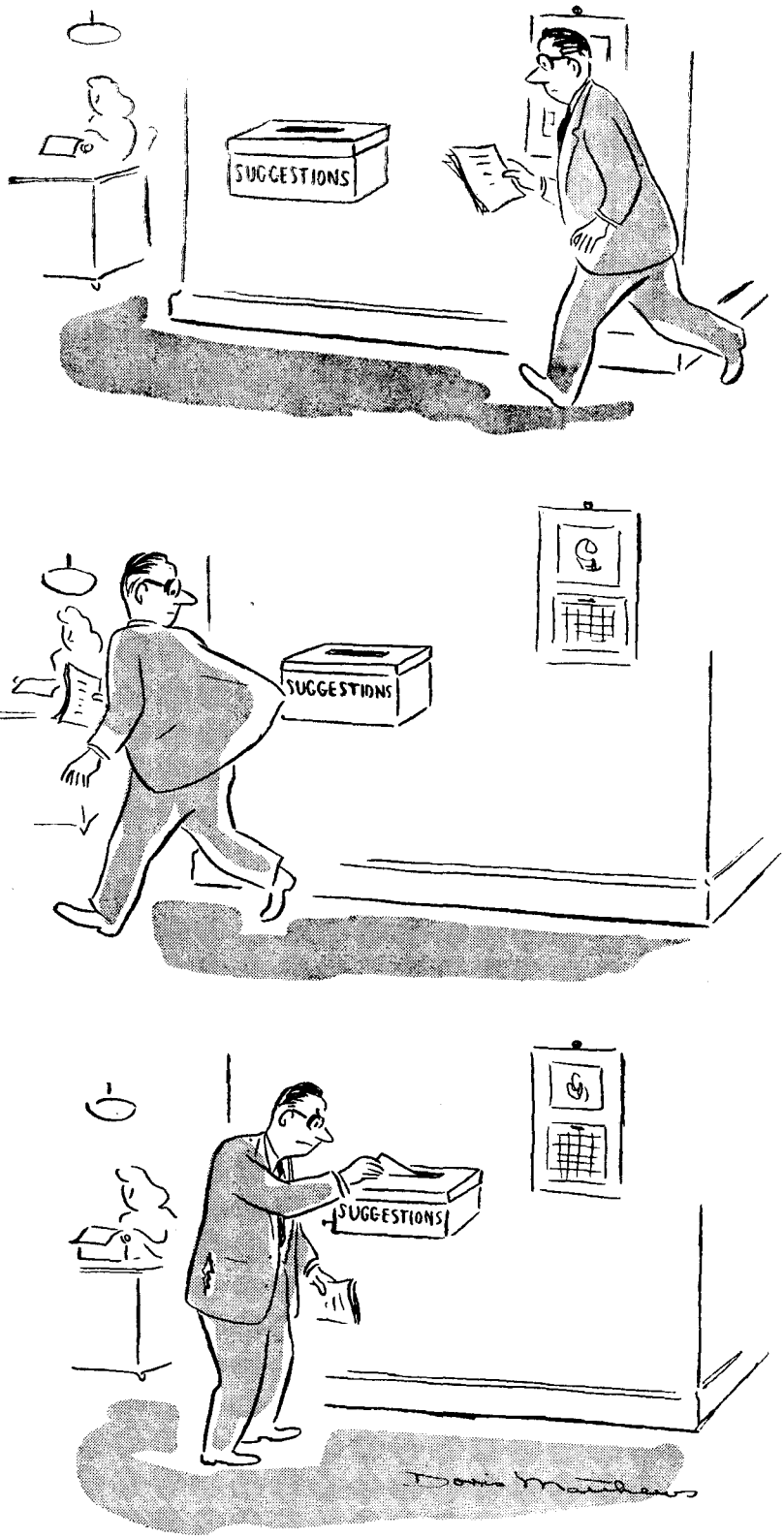


of a fire-chief's bright red automobile, complete with bell and siren, and driven by a trim member of the force who obviously considered it a high honor to be Tom's chauffeur. Up and down Madison Avenue we tootled, with me clanging the bell, and cops obligingly scattering traffic to speed us on our way. It was outrageous, of course, but we salved our consciences by recalling that plenty of other undeserving gents seemed to have the run of the town—with motorcycle escorts to boot!

**BY WAY OF A RETURN COURTESY** to Tom Driberg, I introduced him in London the following spring to a dazzling young creature who had cut quite a swath—and raised considerable funds for anti-Fascist causes—in Manhattan during the winter with the oft-told tale of her hairbreadth escape from Nazi pursuers. The lady, whose name


# *Words and Responsibilities*

By Thurman Price

So many new words have come to enhance our vocabulary the last twelve years or so. "Blitz" and "ersatz," Dukws and jeeps, D-Days and H-hours have all fallen into the common vocabulary of the tongue that Shakespeare approximately spoke.

"Airlift," for instance. Let us consider airlift. It is a word that impinges on our consciousness frequently in the daily press.

Airlift means a pooling of commercial and military aircraft to meet an emergency. The things *lifted* have ranged from men and guns and tanks, to butter, eggs and coal-by-the-ton.

One recalls the famous airlifts—the Cannonball Express to Africa and India in World War II; and you will remember the prideful tone with which men said, "I flew the Hump." Most famous of all, perhaps, there was the Berlin Milk Run, the airlift that broke a blockade and saved a city.

Destined to become as famous as these is the current Pacific airlift; and Pan American, who took a major part in the Cannonball Express and the Berlin Milk Run, is serving again, and proud to do so.

Under the direction of the Military Air Transport Service, the Pacific airlift went into operation only four days after the invasion of Korea. Ten airlines provided forty-five four-engine airplanes together with their pilots and crews. Pan Am's great Clipper* fleet was able to provide more of these planes than any other airline—and, with its vast overseas operating experience, became the prime operator for the planes of other airlines as well as its own.

One of the vital tasks assigned to the Civil Acronautics Board by Congress is " . . . *the encouragement and development of an air-transportation system properly adapted to the present and future needs . . . of the national defense.*" Through these vitally important airlifts, Pan American World Airways is co-operating with the Board in executing this responsible assignment; proving, if proof were needed, that the civic responsibilities of a great national airline are many and various and that the carrying out of them with dispatch and efficiency is a matter of pride and *something more* than a matter of necessity.

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was Inga, had skied wildly over the mountains into Switzerland with Storm Troopers at her heels, she told us, with her valuables—including a big insurance policy—strapped around her slender waist. The catch on the insurance policy—now redeemable—was that she had to appear personally in London to collect the hundred thousand pounds.

Several of our town's leading swains vied for the privilege of advancing her fare to Britain. Jimmy Durante went through his entire repertoire in his cabin just for her edification. "Dat's my idea of a lady," he enthused. Arrived in London, I summoned Tom Driberg to hear the story and write it up for the *Express.* He even borrowed a pair of skis for a picture of Inga they shot on the Embankment back of the Savoy Hotel.

One lady alone on the way over had refused to be taken in by Inga's blood-curdling recitals, and that was Bella Spewack, co-author of "Boy Meets Girl" and "Kiss Me, Kate." "A phony if ever I saw one," was her verdict—and she was right. A cable from my partner, Don Klopfer, informed me that Inga had been exposed as a humble little Berlin stenographer who had left Nazi Germany in a perfectly normal manner, and obviously made up her tale of derring-do on the way over to America. Charlie Poore's talented and lovely wife, Mary, had written up the whole ridiculous story for *The New Yorker.*

When Inga learned the jig was up, she disappeared into thin air, leaving a disconsolate group of creditors in the lobby, not the least of whom was the manager of the Savoy Hotel. I immediately phoned Tom Driberg to tell him his feature would have to be killed. He heard me through, then replied happily, "Too late, old boy! The presses are rolling. That story will go down as the best fairy-tale I ever wrote!"

**THE GERMAN LASS INGA** had nothing on my fellow-TV-panelist Steve Allen when it comes to dreaming up improbable stories. Steve was telling us the other evening, for instance, of a TV property man who was assigned the job of crawling onto a sound-stage in the course of a gangster routine and adding a touch of realism to a "corpse" by pouring catsup on his shirt-front. Unfortunately, the camera-eye was refocused on the scene before he had completed his task. "Bet he was embarrassed," we chorused. "Not at all," Steve assured us. "That property man had real presence of mind. He finished pouring the catsup—and then he ate the corpse!" —BENNETT CERF.

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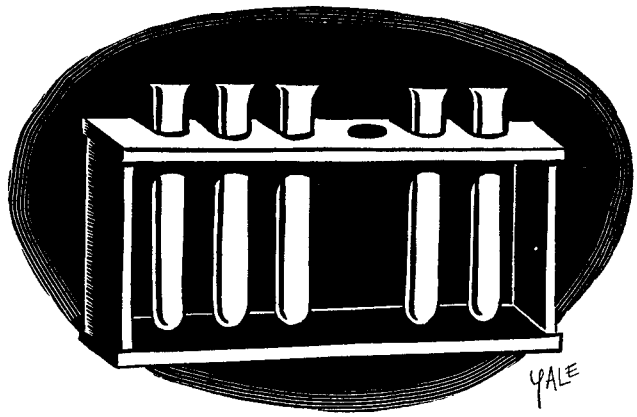
# HUMAN WANT *Is Obsolete*



BY GERARD PIEL

*Gerard Piel is publisher of* Scientific American. *This article is adapted from recent lectures by him on this subject.*

IN THEIR meetings at the end of World War II the atomic scientists used to gather around the piano to sing a mournful ballad. This is the last verse:

Take away your billion dollars, take away your tainted gold,
You can keep your damn ten billion volts, my soul will not be sold.
Take away your Army generals; their kiss is death, I'm sure.
Everything I build is mine, and every volt I make is pure.
Take away your integration; let us learn and let us teach,
Oh, beware this epidemic Berkelitis, I beseech.
Oh, dammit! Engineering isn't physics, is that plain?
Take, oh take, your billion dollars, let's be physicists again.

The scientists of America would subscribe to the same sentiments today. But they sang this verse with special feeling in 1945-46. For it was then that the age of science dawned in the consciousness of their fellow citizens.

The disclosure of atomic energy, radar, and other wartime scientific and technical triumphs made it plain that there was nothing scientists could not do if you gave them enough money. If it cost only $2 billion to go from Einstein's special theory of relativity to Hiroshima, why not a Manhattan Project to find the cure for cancer? It was in vain the scientists protested that their wartime achievements were mere engineering and not science. They made a really concerted effort to put this distinction across to the rest of us. The best record of their testimony is to be found in the report of the Killgore Committee of the U. S. Senate and the Bush and the Steelman reports prepared at the direction of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman respectively.

Atom bombs and penicillin, they said, show us what we can do with things we already know something about. This application of existing knowledge to practical ends is the business of engineering or *applied* science. In contrast, *pure* science is concerned with the increasing of our knowledge by the investigation of the unknown. From this distinction they went on to show that the continued progress of applied science requires sustained advance in pure science.

The reports were unanimous in urging that the Federal Government set up a National Science Foundation and provide an adequate appropriation for the support of basic science. Before the war basic science received $1 in every $6 of the country's annual expenditures on research and development. The most reassuring estimate shows we are now spending about $1 in $15 on really basic work; the truth is probably that we are spending less than $1 in $20. The total research and development expenditures by Government and industry have increased fifteen times over prewar, from $200 million to $3 billion. Meanwhile the free income of our non-profit foundations and universities has been multiplied by only two, from $45 million to only $90 million. If we enter the inflation discount, the free funds available for basic research in our universities are no greater than before the war.

WE HAVE today a National Science Foundation, chartered by Congress in 1950 to supplement the diminishing funds of philanthropy with substantial appropriations. But Congress last year was content to endow its current operation with a pathetic fraction of the figure needed to do the job. It got a tiny $3.5 million, contrasted with $1.5 billion appropriated to the Defense Department's research program. The menace of this situation was indicated recently in a speech by Alan Waterman, director of the National Science Foundation. He pointed out that the Federal Government was spending $340 million on contract projects in universities and other non-profit laboratories. The Foundation's share in this total was a mere $1.7 million. Add to this the $200 million which industry is spending on university research contracts and the free funds are reduced to a weak minority in-

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terest in the current financing of university laboratories.

Among the thoughtful leaders in science and industry disquieted by what these figures imply is Crawford H. Greenewalt, president of the Du Pont Company and himself a first-rank chemist. "Only in the academic environment," he has said, "can fundamental research in its true sense flourish. . . . It is unfortunate that the financial necessities of our universities appear to have driven them more and more into sponsored and applied research." Mr. Greenewalt then urged that industry recognize its responsibilities in this situation and that corporations make grants-in-aid to universities for support of basic science.

Meanwhile it is impossible to estimate the price we will have to pay some day for the present imbalance in our emphasis on pure and applied science. The work of basic science can all too easily be set aside in favor of the urgent demands of technical advances in industry or the emergency needs of national defense. The cost is not apparent in the short run. But in unpredictable ways the basic research we did not do today will cripple the progress and prosperity of our country fifty years from now.

There is another long-run hazard to be considered. Dr. M. H. Trytten, our principal authority on scientific manpower, fears that younger scientists are being permanently diverted from careers in the basic sciences. The salary differentials between our universities and industry and government payrolls has set a steady tide of younger personnel away from the campus. Since they abandon teaching as well as research, we have reason to be concerned also about the training of the next generation of scientists.

Thus the plight of American science is not merely that it costs a lot of money. What science needs is brave money—with no strings attached. We are not being brave enough when we find it necessary to invoke the prospect of practical results in order to justify support of basic science. But if results are all that is wanted, it takes a reckless venture capitalist to back basic research. For one thing, the history of science shows time and again that basic discoveries are made by accident, that an investigation directed toward one objective will lead to the resolution of an entirely unrelated problem. But even if the gamble is taken as a long-range one, a string is tied to the freedom of the scientist and his work. Once the work is conceded to be more or less practical, it may also be treated as more or less basic.

DIFFICULT as it may be for our utilitarian culture to comprehend it, there are other ends and objectives for scientific investigation that are equal and superior to practical results. One of these ends is science, that is, knowledge itself. Chester I. Barnard, chairman of the National Science Foundation, is a man who takes this view and states it eloquently: "Science is a value to be cultivated for its own sake . . . The curiosity, the initiative, the imagination, the persistence, the patience, the frustrations, that must be experienced and endured in science cannot be adequately motivated by the current exaggeration of the usefulness of science, but must be founded on the belief that all this toil is justified as an expression of the superior faculties of mankind and as a contribution to the values of man as a whole." This is the only proper view of science that can be held by the taxpayer-patron who must now take over from the great foundations the burden of supporting today's vastly increased budget of science. Seen from this vantage, science ceases to be merely a necessary adjunct of technology and becomes, what it truly is, a branch of free inquiry. In these times it is indeed the central trunk of inquiry.

Some of the questions science asks are as old as consciousness itself—asked in new and more productive ways. Some of them are new questions that were never dreamt of in the philosophies of the ancients.

An example on the grand scale is our study of the cosmos. We no longer rely on metaphysicians to answer such questions as, "How big is the universe?" Or, "How old is it?" Cosmology is now an observational science. At Palomar Mountain, with its 200-inch telescope, the science of cosmology has its first laboratory. Here astronomers are not only finding out how big and how old the universe is. They are asking new questions that come out of the discovery that the universe has dynamics and a history of birth and death.

The nuclear physicists are training their cosmic instruments upon another question that baffled the philosophers. The question was, "What is the essential nature of matter?" As asked by the scientists, the question is: "What holds the nucleus of the atom together?" In disrupting the nuclear binding force, the cyclotron and the synchrotron demonstrated experimentally that energy converts into matter, as naturally as matter transmutes into energy. So the philosopher's common-sense partition of the world into matter and energy now loses its meaning. Physics is in quest for the substance that underlies both.

At other research centers workers in another department of science are concerned with questions that come perhaps closer to home. These are questions of life. "How," for example, "do green plants convert the energy of sunlight into the energy of the chemical bond?" Everyone recognizes this as the question of photosynthesis, and, doubtless because of the great practical potential of an answer, the work in this field at Stanford has attracted enormous popular interest. For the scientist, however, there are other just as compelling interests. The living cell remains a much more subtle and versatile chemist than man; this is one of its definitive properties as a living system. At Caltech physical chemists, working with geneticists, are unraveling intricately twisted and coiled chains composed of tens of thousands of atoms. These chains of

# To Gilbert White

*(After reading "The Natural History of Selborne")*

By Dorothy Loder

WHAT visitor with you in Selborne, sir,
Imagines noisy London lying near,
As through your prose bucolics crickets whir
And bird songs echo "sibilous" and clear.
Ignoring England's growing pains, your notes
On linnets, grouse and curlews are precise;
Your language, rich with Greek and Latin quotes,
Lends elegance to moose-deer, cuckoos, mice.

With tender wit you paint the tortoise by
A sheltering hepatica, portray
Your darling swallows drinking as they fly
Down the long light of an untroubled day—
A day your visitor could only find
Withdrawn into a Selborne of the mind.

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atoms are protein molecules. They have the extraordinary property of being able to reproduce themselves. It is from their constituent proteins that living cells, in turn, derive their power of reproduction.

SCIENTIFIC enquiry thus engages large areas of our culture outside of technology. Its relations with society involve correspondingly wider questions than the terms of its financial support. The welfare of science is acutely sensitive to the health of our society as a whole. It will flourish only so long as the institutions, ideals, and liberties of our democracy flourish. The taxpayer-patron of science must soon learn that the welfare of science requires a good deal more of his citizenship than faithful payment of his taxes.

As non-scientists, however, most of us will continue to be more interested in the impact of science upon society, that is, upon us. If we think of this impact in terms of the artifacts of science that adorn and complicate our domestic lives, we conclude that science is no unmixed blessing. If we contemplate certain other achievements of science — its contributions to twentieth-century warfare—many of us don't want to think any more at all.

Superstition and ignorance, some say, were never as terrible as the menace of scientific invention. They propose a moratorium on science and an embargo on its further diffusion in our culture. If we take a closer look at this supposedly new and scientific menace to human existence, however, we quickly discover that it is the same old evil that has haunted mankind since the beginning of history. It is the evil in men's hearts. Then, if we will remember that society has its impact upon science, we will realize that the decision is in our own hands.

The citizen policy-maker who seeks an alternative program for the next fifty years will speedily find himself concerned with far more complex areas of policy than science and technology. But no such investigation can go very far before it comes to grips again with scientific considerations that lay the fundamental groundwork for all expectation, choice, and decision. When we have reviewed some of these considerations as they bear upon the next fifty years we may also understand better the causes of the world's present turmoil.

Let us consider first what kind of impact science has had upon our society. A few figures make the main points. During the past twenty-five years the American family income—at constant dollar values—has doubled in size. Where two-thirds of our families had incomes at or below the income that could purchase the minimum of food, clothing, and shelter, two-thirds of our families now have incomes above that minimum and are in the market for the goods of industry. In a really significant and meaningful sense, our country is twice as big as it was.

An extraordinary fact about this twice-as-big country is that we are today putting no more work into the production of our national income than we did twenty-five years ago. That is, the number of man hours worked in our economy by our labor force as a whole was about the same last year as it was in 1928. Our labor force, of course, is bigger. But the individual worker puts in a shorter working day. So we are producing twice as much in goods with the same effort and an estimated $1,000 worth of leisure per capita besides.

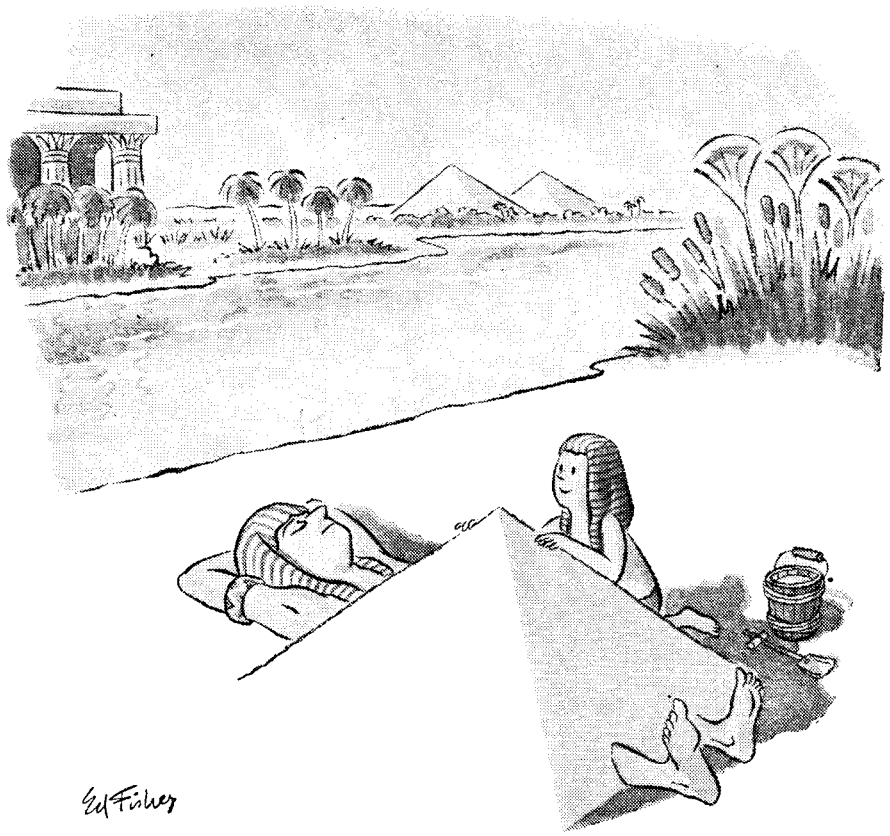
The question may now be asked: How was this more than 100 per cent increase in productivity accomplished? The answer is to be found in another set of figures: In 1928 there were 200,000 engineers employed in our economy—one engineer for every 100 workers in industry. Today we have 400,000 engineers, but the number of workers employed per engineer has fallen to forty. Some industries employ as few as ten workers per engineer, and some companies have as few as five workers on the payroll for each engineer.

It is this fast-growing corps of engineers—and the even faster growing corps of industrial research scientists—that has multiplied the productivity of the American labor force. As industry has proceeded to rebuild its plant during the past twenty-five years—it has been almost 100 per cent rebuilt — these men have been designing into plant, process, and product the latest findings of basic research.

The task of the industrial scientist and the engineer is systematically to mine the accumulated capital of basic scientific knowledge for its practical application to technology. They are thus bringing applied science into the closest liaison with the current progress in the pure sciences.

WE were able to abolish slavery ninety years ago because the mechanically generated horsepower of steam engines had already displaced the biologically generated energy of human muscle, just as even more recently the internal combustion engine displaced the horse. Now, within our lifetimes, the industrial revolution has moved on into a new phase. The primary concern of technology today is the mechanization of the control of industrial processes—that is: the mechanization of the functions of

(*Continued on page 28*)

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SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN

# Preacher of the Unified Mind

*Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, vice president of India and one of the greatest of living philosophers, is visiting the United States this month. Professor Bierstedt of the University of Illinois here considers his thought as it is recorded in* ***Paul Arthur Schilpp's "The Philosophy of Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan"*** *(Tudor. 883 pp. $7.50).*

By Robert Bierstedt

IN a recent editorial in these pages [*SR* June 6, 1953] entitled "The Real Problem of the Liberal Arts," Norman Cousins suggested that those of us who preach the virtues of the liberal arts in a scientific society are ourselves guilty of parochialism. "The average liberal arts graduate," he wrote, "is educated for an enclosure labeled 'Western Civilization' and not for a world that has become a single geographic unit." There is no question that we have to accept the indictment. Even those of us who work in such fields as sociology, anthropology, and philosophy have failed to free ourselves from a suspicion of provincialism.

As a result, the Western intellectual, however learned he may be, has ordinarily only an inferior knowledge of Eastern philosophy. Unless, like Aldous Huxley, he has certain personal reasons for fathoming the thought of the Orient, or, like F. S. C. Northrop, certain scholarly reasons for doing so, the man of the West pays little attention to philosophies beyond the Pacific. Indeed, the training afforded philosophers in this country confines them almost entirely within the Western tradition and accordingly it is upon a Western foundation, in terms of Western categories and concepts, that they construct their systems of knowledge. Philosophy itself is only one more way of boxing the compass.

Kipling, of course, exaggerated a bit in his "Ballad of East and West," but there is no doubt that the pursuit of philosophy follows different paths in the two hemispheres. In one of them it is a way of life, in the other an avenue of knowledge; in one a recreation of the soul, in the other an activity of the mind; in one an enterprise of the world, in the other a routine of the schools; in one a function of the spirit, in the other a business of the intellect; in one a prophecy of hope, in the other an invitation to reason; in one the quest for salvation, in the other a satisfaction of curiosity.

Such contrasts are oversimplified and often false—the West has its quota of mystics, the East of positivists—but in general they articulate a situation which does obtain. Who then can bridge the gap between these Eastern and Western approaches?

"The Philosophy of Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan" follows the plan of preceding volumes in The Library of Living Philosophers, all capably edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp. The philosopher himself presents an initial statement. This essay, written in Moscow when he was Indian ambassador to the USSR, Radhakrishnan entitles "The Religion of the Spirit and the World's Need," and says that, like his writings, it is no more than a fragment of a confession. It deals not with the external circumstances of his life but rather with the development of his philosophy, "a lonely pilgrimage of the spirit." He pays a gracious tribute to the Western thinkers who have influenced him the most—Plato, Plotinus, Kant, Bradley, and Bergson.

He criticizes dogmatic religion, mechanistic science, and naturalistic philosophy, and shares with us his Hindu point of view on all of the issues of life and society which his thought has touched. We learn here again that he is dedicated to an Absolute Idealism, a philosophical position which, hardly more than an academic curiosity in the West, is for him the explanation of the universe. The loves and hates of the world, its jealousies and competitions, "its unasked helpfulness, sustained intellectual effort, and intense moral struggle are no more than existences dancing on the stillness of Pure Being." At the conclusion, as throughout, he eloquently pleads for a restoration of spiritual values and for the transformation of our historical religions into a universal faith, a faith which can offer to all men the possibility of union with the Eternal Spirit "of which the visible universe is but a manifestation."

The commentators and the critics take possession of the body of the book. There are twenty-three papers here, written by distinguished philosophers from India, England, and the United States. One wishes it were possible to discuss their essays in detail, especially since their competence compels admiration, but unfortunately there is no space even to list their names. The book concludes, again as usual, with the philosopher's reply to his critics, written at Oxford, where he is now Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics and a fellow of All Souls College.

RADHAKRISHNAN'S sharpest critics, with one exception, come from the ranks of his countrymen. Swami Agehananda Bharati (Delhi) argues, with a rather gay and intentional insolence, that Radhakrishnan attends only to the Vedanta and ignores the other classical Indian systems, some of which are naturalistic and positivistic and even atheistic. He maintains that Radhakrishnan is not a philosopher at all, but a hopelessly scholastic Hindu theologian. In the same vein M. N. Roy (Indian Renaissance Institute) accuses Radhakrishnan of an intellectual reaction which is resulting in the degeneration of Indian philosophy, and also of assuming, without any possibility of proof, the existence of the Absolute Unity of which he speaks. T. R. V. Murti (Ceylon) and Edgar L. Hinman (Nebraska) suggest, respectively, that Radhakrishnan lacks a full appreciation of Buddhism and Confucianism. And Joachim Wach (Chicago), the exception mentioned, complains in the most sectarian of the papers that Radhakrishnan fails to recognize the "unique Saviorship" of Jesus. Objections like this Radhakrishnan easily answers in his Reply.

More serious issues remain. Among these is the mystery of the Absolute Being, unknowable and ineffable, who since It is not anthropomorphic cannot be worshiped as a personal deity

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can. Indeed, as Clement C. J. Webb (England) says, the Hindu gains ultimacy at the expense of intimacy. Another problem is that of the individual. Detached individuality does not seem to be a desideratum of the Vedantic mind and the Hindu, in withdrawing from social obligations, surrenders political responsibility. Still another problem concerns the possibility of ethics in an absolutistic philosophy. The Absolute, after all, smothers all distinctions, including the distinction between good and evil. Again, with his customary skill, F. S. C. Northrop (Yale) points to basic methodological differences between Eastern and Western thought, differences which continue to resist resolution. Finally, a metaphysics built on mysticism is itself an obstruction to the Western mind. What possible meaning can be ascribed to "existences dancing on the stillness of Pure Being," or to Radhakrishnan's eschatological assertion that in the end "cosmic existence lapses into Absolute Being"? Expressions like these, however sublime in a poetic sense, induce "the Gloomy Dean," W. Ralph Inge, to remark in his essay that "a journey through the unreal is an unreal journey, and leads nowhere."

Issues aside, we have here a brilliant collection of papers. In this book we can listen to the philosophers of the East and the West as they converse with one another about the most profound problems of human life and destiny. We can take comfort, and hope, from the fact that they understand each other even when they disagree. We can note with reassurance that their controversies do not divide them on Eastern and Western lines. There is music in the hemispheres.

# Talk with a Peacemaker

By DOROTHY NORMAN

FEW contemporary Indian philosophers so positively refute the notion that Indian philosophy is negative as the energetic and dynamic Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan. This might well be borne in mind during the current visit to America of this highly distinguished scholar, since one of our most persistent errors concerning India today springs precisely from our mistaken idea that its philosophy automatically and inevitably is both too passive and too negativist for its own—and the world's—good.

Dr. Radhakrishnan's presence also may help to explode a second assumption equally ill-founded: that virtually all Indian political leaders are pro-Communist, particularly so if they happen to disagree in any manner whatever with our foreign policy, or can be heard to utter a single statement that is even mildly critical (or simply objective) concerning the United States.

During a recent visit to India I found Dr. Radhakrishnan not at all perturbed by epithets momentarily being flung at him because of certain allegedly anti-Western remarks he was accused of having made in a speech covered in various ways by various leading Indian newspapers. (The released typescript of his remarks—he had spoken extemporaneously—differed appreciably from the published press reports of what he had said.)

"Let them misquote me as they will," he stated calmly. "Let them try to accuse me of favoring totalitarianism, as they like. The fact is, I simply do not do so. I believe in democracy—that is, in living it. I believe in the cause of man.

"I have been interpreted as favoring Communism as opposed to democracy. Let those who wish so to distort the facts examine my entire life's work. Let them study what I am doing in India at this very moment. It should then be eminently clear that any such charge is completely false. I am, and always have been, unalterably opposed to those who, whether in the name of freedom or of anything else, are authoritarian. Indeed, everything in Indian culture is anti-authoritarian. There is a tolerance in India about all diverging ways of life; about all religious, spiritual, or political beliefs. One can live as one wishes, think and read as one desires.

"Moreover," he continued quietly, "one must realize that the ideas of nations, like those of individuals, must be seen as constantly in flux. One only can hope that many philosophies in which people believe today can be made to alter for the better. It is to this end that I devote myself. You might call me an idealist—certainly not a totalitarian.

"I am interested in peace," he de-

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**THE AUTHOR:** Of the possible rebuttals to that rusty saying about scholars living in ivory towers, one of the best is a lean, five-foot-ten, sixty-four-year-old Indian by the name of Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan—at once a diplomat and a philosopher. His diplomatic life would be arresting even for a man without a philosophy to his name. Twice, to single out a couple of high points in an international career that began back in 1931, he met with Stalin—in 1950, on taking up his post as India's ambassador to the Kremlin; and in 1952, on leaving it. He departed from Moscow on a note of hope, declaring: "There is no outstanding problem now dividing the world which could not be settled by discussion and negotiation." Back in New Delhi, Sir Sarvepalli was elected Vice President on the Congress Party line. He was unopposed. In his capacity as India's Veep, he is visiting the U.S. these days on a good-will tour. One of his first stops here was the U.N. headquarters in New York (he is UNESCO president for 1953); a *New York Times* reporter who trailed him through the glass building later wrote that Sir Sarvepalli "seemed a little disappointed that one room was not being put to more use: the meditation room." If there is one thing that Sir Sarvepalli is, it is meditative. He is widely acknowledged as his country's greatest living philosopher; as such, he has been "honoured," as the Indian Embassy in Washington puts it, as much abroad as at home. He has held professorships at

Madras, Mysore, and Calcutta Universities as well as vice-chancellorships at Andhra and Benares Hindu Universities. Sir Sarvepalli has also been something of a globe-trotting philosopher, lecturing in England, China, and the U.S. He came here in 1926 and 1946—the first time, to deliver the Haskell Lectures at the University of Chicago; the second, to lecture at no less than fourteen universities. On his current trip, Sir Sarvepalli is taking time out to revisit some of the campus podiums from which he once spoke, before the long voyage home. —BERNARD KALB.

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clared. "I am passionately dedicated to attempting to do everything possible to help avoid the outbreak of war. I scarcely can see how this can be called siding with totalitarianism. I maintain that if Europe is wiped out through a war—if that great center of civilization is destroyed—then whoever brings about that destruction will be defeated, no matter who may be said to be the victor.

"It is not enough," he observed, "for the democracies simply to criticize totalitarian governments for the evils inherent in what they are doing. The democracies must themselves shed their own shortcomings. They must wage a war against that which is undemocratic in themselves. This is an essential problem with which the U. N. also must deal if it is to be true to its charter.

"If the democracies fail to dedicate themselves to wiping out the evils that continue to exist within their own domain, they will cease to be democracies. The Communists, by adopting violent methods in dealing with such problems as hunger and improvement of social conditions—as well as in suppressing the liberty of the individual—are abolishing the very reasons for living, in their so-called effort to create a better life. The principles of Communism must be altered radically if human liberty and happiness are to be safeguarded.

"If only both systems—Communism and democracy—can look at one another in a spirit of humility and understanding, then each will find scope for improvement. When the required changes will have been made on both sides, then at last will there be a possibility that the people living under the two systems can combine their efforts against the one common danger of an atomic war, thereby contributing to the happiness of all humanity. If, on the other hand, we insist upon playing like children, drawing a line and saying, 'If you cross this line I'll smash you,' we will fail to resolve that which keeps us apart.

"THE alternatives in the present situation are not war or surrender. War is the expression of anger; surrender the confession of fear. What we need is a faith stronger than either.

"Let us realize that if we are in trouble it is because we are ourselves unprepared to implement the right principles we profess; it is because we have betrayed what is best in ourselves, and in our philosophy. The barbarian is in ourselves. This is the most important force arrayed against us. Not anything outside us. It is this

(*Continued on page* 37)

**ASIA**

# Peripatetic Justice in the Jungle

***William O. Douglas's "North from Malaya"*** *(Doubleday. 352 pp. $3.95) records the Supreme Court Justice's travels last year through Malaya, Indo-China, Burma, Formosa, Korea, and the Philippines. Mr. Payne, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Revolt of Asia" and other books.*

By Robert Payne

NO ONE who has ever been to Asia quite escapes from the spell. The eternal dusty roads, the ritualistic lives of the people, the sense of secret danger, and the knowledge that everything you see is as impermanent as a fairy tale: these things hold you and grip the heart, and you wonder, on returning, how you can ever make your peace with the corner drugstore, the neon lights, and the infinitely artificial world of the West.

Today, when the dangers arising out of Asia are only too manifest, and the impermanence of the ancient, ritualistic Asia is only too apparent, there is still something to be said for regarding Asia as though it was bathed in the light which hovers over fairy tales. There once again, remembered from childhood, are the evil princes, the dragons, and the embattled heroes in their towers.

You may say it is absurd to see them in this way, but the Asiatic revolutionaries tend to see themselves in this way, heroes at the mercy of their legends, actors in the blinding glare of the limelight, themselves repositories of the legendary qualities of their people. So Nehru anoints himself according to the practice of ancient Indian kings, and Mao Tse-tung behaves with the studied intransigence of the Chinese emperors, and in a hundred other ways we are aware of the legendary past grappling furiously with the merciless present. We forget that in Asia the past is real, almost tangible, a place one can walk about in. The wise men still cast charms of love; the prophets still prophesy; and the rage of the awakened people is directed as much towards the past as towards the enemies of today.

It is one of the merits of Justice Douglas's admirable new book "North from Malaya" that he is perfectly aware of the weight of the past and of legends. In his recent wanderings through Malaya, Indo-China, Burma, Formosa, Korea, and the Philippines he saw the past everywhere. It was present in the Malay villages where the *pawangs* were at their work of casting charms against tigers. They still foretell the future by gazing for long hours into the mirror formed by their polished fingernails, their incantations deriving from a strange mingling of Islamic and Hindu songs. He saw it again in Indo-China where the peasants cling tenaciously to their village customs and still believe in the classical theory of the King's Mandate from Heaven. It was present again when he heard the Queen Mother from her palace at Hue declaiming in the unadorned accents of feudalism: "This is no time to speak of elections. It will be time to consider that when the Viet Minh are crushed." He saw the past, too, in the respect paid by the young Burmese revolutionaries to the Buddhist temples, and indeed he was a little astonished by the permanence of temples all over the East. The past obtrudes. You cannot, in Asia, slip out of it as you would slip out of a coat. And it is clear from his account that a great deal of our failure to understand the explosion of Asia derives from our abysmal ignorance of the Asiatic past.

"NORTH FROM MALAYA" is not, of course, a study of the past. Justice Douglas lives very much in the pres-

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ent. He rightly begins his book with a description of a mad drive at eighty miles an hour in a tiny Austin through the Malayan jungles. There are Communist guerrillas in the forests. It is true that they are on the run, but they know the forest pathways, and though they are hardly more than 3,000, they hold the Government by the throat. Douglas traveled up and down Malaya, entranced by that intolerably romantic country, of which four-fifths is jungle, given over to the empire of the pythons and the monkeys.

Douglas came to know the jungle well, and has much to say in favor of Sir Gerald Templer's efforts to smoke the guerrillas out. He is bitter about the Chinese merchants who have bribed their way into the guerrillas' good graces, and sympathetic with the Indian rubber tappers who have staked their claim in Malaya and built up a strong trade union. He gives facts and figures. We are given all the relevant statistics, from the number of killed in the war against the guerrillas to the wages of the rubber tappers. Twice in Malaya he lost his temper: once in talking with Chinese tin merchants, and again when he reached the immense Buddhist temple on the island of Penang, where for some reason he was appalled by the Buddhist propensity for keeping snakes. But generally he is calm and level-headed, seeing the dangers clearly, paying tribute to the young Indian trade-union leaders and to the unfathomable calm of the British judges who have been marked for assassination by the guerrillas.

FROM Malaya he swings over to the Philippines, where his sympathies are resolutely behind Ramon Magsaysay and against the landlords who have remained in power in spite of all efforts, including American efforts, to dislodge them. The Huks are still to be reckoned with; rural discontent is as great as ever. Quirino has dismissed the famous Hardie report as "interference" in the domestic affairs of a sovereign state. For two or three years we have been hearing stories from Quirino's Government about the virtues of land settlement. Douglas decided to look for himself, and found the settlers in Mindanao apathetic, poverty-stricken, still at the mercy of their landlords, but this time the landlords are the Government. Talking with Laurel, Douglas asked why so little was being done and received the honest answer: "The legislature is controlled by the landlords."

It is a dark picture, and it is the same in Indo-China, where he found the French at the mercy of their own ignorance and pride, relying on force

—*United Press Photo.*

Justice Douglas—"weight of the past."

to achieve a victory which might more easily be achieved by social progress, denying the Vietnamese the elementary freedoms which might have encouraged them to fight against Ho Chih Minh. He talked with Nguyen Van Tam, the president of Vietnam and a close friend of the Emperor Bao Dai, about the rehabilitation teams which follow in the footsteps of the army. Van Tam had scant sympathy for the rehabilitation teams. "I have my own system," he said. "It is stern justice for the Communists and their sympathizers."

In Formosa Douglas found the same absence of an understanding of social realities. There were spies and counterspies. Chiang Kai-shek's regime, ruthless, austere, distrustful of the peasants, intolerant of the ballot box, with every man at the mercy of the secret police, seemed as hopeless a cause as any to be found in Asia. The weight of a rigid Confucian past lay heavily over it. Only in Burma, where Cabinet Ministers are hardly out of their teens, did he see the fulfilment of a promise. In Burma the Communists have been licked, at least for a while. Douglas talked to a Burmese Cabinet minister and asked how the victory had been accomplished. "It is a miracle," he was told, and then the Cabinet minister added as an afterthought: "A miracle due to prayer and to guts." It is perhaps the absence of these two essentials which have led to so many defeats in the East.

In Korea Douglas comes to more familiar ground, and has little new to offer. He met Syngman Rhee, now nearly ninety, and wondered at the fierce reserves of spirit of a man so old, so ruthless, and so embittered against his friends. Inefficient and senile, placing his trust in his secret prisons, with no respect for the ballot-box, Rhee ruled as an autocratic emperor might rule, in defiance of the elementary laws of democracy. A doddering old man held the political leading-strings, and there seemed no hope in him.

WHERE does hope lie? Douglas is not sure. In the concluding chapters he summarizes his impressions. He notes the absurdity of keeping Red China out of the United Nations. He is appalled by the official American policy to insist upon deliberate commitments on the part of Asian states. We say: "You must be for us or against us." The Asiatics say: "A curse on both your houses." When General Marshall announced in 1950 that we were coming to the aid of the French in Indo-China, Douglas, who was in Asia at the time, was concerned at the mounting indignation of the people against the Americans for allying themselves with the French. He is in favor of a Pacific Union, but he notes that the Asiatics themselves may reasonably be expected not to favor it on our terms. He suspects, probably rightly, that the next great cold war will be between India and Russia, with Red China as the stakes in the war. He states categorically that the great task of our age is to know how to live with Red China. "Our role in Asia," he says, "must be as champions of the weak and the oppressed, or it is not true to our character. We cannot fill that role unless we are faithful to our tradition of civil liberties. The decline of American prestige in Asia can be correlated to the decline of our respect for civil liberties at home."

This may be true, but there are other reasons for that tragic decline, including our failure to hammer out a clear policy towards Asia as a whole and our failure to make any viable contact with the imaginations of the peasants. We have offered them no manifesto, invented no symbolic actions, given them altogether too little help in their fight against their own remorseless past. We have emphasized guns, not ideas. We have fought against Communism, but we have not fought for the peasant's right to own and cultivate his land. We have temporized, sometimes taking the part of good, sometimes collaborating with pure evil. Ultimately we forgot the most important thing of all: that the starving peasant by the roadside, seen from the passing jeep and soon forgotten, may one day be as powerful as Mao Tse-tung and all his guns.

Of our tragic failures and our few signal achievements in Asia Douglas has written eloquently and well. Senators and Congressmen who fail to read his book do so at their peril.

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# The Mandate of Moscow

*Just what is going on these days in Red China?* ***Frank Moraes's "Report on Red China"*** *(Macmillan. 212 pp. $3.75) is an account by one of the few non-Communists to have visited it. Professor Clyde of Duke University, who assesses it here, is author of "The Far East" and other books.*

By Paul H. Clyde

FRANK MORAES, educated at Bombay University and at Oxford, and barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn, has been editor of *The Times of India* in Bombay for many years. During World War II he served as a war correspondent in Burma and China. He saw Kuomintang China in Chungking during the winter of 1944-45. In 1952 he was one of a group of Indians invited to China by Mao Tse-tung on a five-week tour of the country. Despite the rigid control of the tour by his Communist hosts, he managed to see much and to talk with many people.

"Report on Mao's China" is Mr. Moraes's account of what he saw and heard during the visit and also of his later reflections on the meaning of these things. In a sense, therefore, his little book is really two small books in one. The first comprises some very competent journalism. There are vivid sketches of Communist China, of land under new peasant owners, of children playing as child guerrillas shooting at imaginary American planes. There are glimpses of the new educational system which teaches every child the five new loves—fatherland, people, labor, science, and public property—but none for parents—a China without filial piety. Perhaps a Britain without its royal family would be as easy to comprehend. Mr. Moraes saw a China where Communism believes in "catching 'em young," where one sees "the nursery tots lisping songs of Stalin and Mao under the new semantics in which "language is as drilled as thought," making Chiang always a "bandit" or a "Fascist," Americans always "imperialists and aggressors," and Chinese always lovers of freedom and peace.

Here, too, are descriptions of the "people's" Government and of those non-Communist groups which thus far have been allowed to participate while they follow the Party line. Those who are described as "reactionary elements" are of course rigorously excluded. The process of centralization of authority moves steadily forward with the principle of "democratic centralism" operating in both Party and Government.

Here is a picture of Mao Tse-tung as he enters the reception hall with Madame Pandit to welcome the Indian cultural delegation, his countenance a "mixture of strength and sensuality, of feminine sensitivity and massive masculine sureness and intellect. The plump face with the full lips might belong to a woman. So might the voice. But there is intellect in the vast sweep of forehead and assurance in his carriage and the proud tilt of his head. There is also ruthlessness. A ruler whose regime has accounted for more than two million lives within three years can entertain no great tenderness for his opponents." Mao's benevolence touches only those who bow to his creed or to his commands.

MR. MORAES as the journalist also reports on a China where intense activity suggests the theme of "so little time," where progress still depends on what human hands rather than machines can do. He saw the Hwai River project, which aims to put an end to floods in this central valley. Here the "Government has succeeded in mobilizing well over two million rural workers." Though the project is not a great undertaking by modern engineering standards, it is made much of in Communist propaganda because it is "built entirely of Chi-

—*Eastfoto.*

**Mao Tse-Tung (second from right) and other Red China leaders—"five new loves: fatherland, people, labor, science, public property."**

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nese material and with Chinese hands." Thus where the emotions of the new Chinese nationalism can serve Communist ends it is regarded as a welcome ally.

There is no suggestion in these pages that the Communists have solved the problem of the land and of industrialization, and there is no doubt in Mr. Moraes's mind that present compromises with private ownership and with rich peasants are expedients on the road to collectivization designed to increase production. The Communists realize, he believes, that the future of their regime may well be determined by economics rather than politics. The Mandate of Heaven may still be alive even in a Communist-controlled China. Here Mr. Moraes does entertain serious doubts, and he raises the question: "Can production really increase under the cumulative pressure of population and the growing fragmentation of land which must follow in its wake?" The Communist answer is industrialization. "But have they the capital means to effect it? Moreover, they themselves rely on a larger rural market to absorb their greater industrial output, and the first is possible only if the purchasing power of the peasantry is stepped up by a larger income surplus. This would create the vested rural interest they [the Communists] dread . . ."

So one might continue to recount the China Mr. Moraes saw. However, there is more in this book than journalism. Mr. Moraes is himself an Asian deeply concerned to understand the impact of what is happening in China upon the revolutionary changes that have given independence to his own people in India and which, indeed, have left no corner of Eastern Asia untouched. Mr. Moraes's interpretations, moreover, are of importance to us not only because they are Asian but also because their author, a champion of India's national and social revolution, believes that democratic parliamentary institutions can and should be the foundations of the new Asian society. "Nehru's record as a democrat," he affirms, "would stand comparison with that of any of his famous contemporaries." In a word, Mr. Moraes's contention, his basic thesis, is that India and China today are wrestling for the political soul of Asia.

MR. MORAES does not question the fundamental community of interest between India and America in facing this struggle nor does he minimize the threat to all Asia arising from the Communist China he has seen

(*Continued on page* 38)

**AMERICANS**

# Mr. Boop-doop-a-doop

*What is the stuff of which the American hero is made? Mr. Balliett finds hints aplenty in the autobiography* ***Bing Crosby*** *has written* ***with Pete Martin, "Call Me Lucky"*** *(Simon & Schuster. 344 pp. Clothbound. $3.95. Paperbound, $1).*

By Whitney Balliett

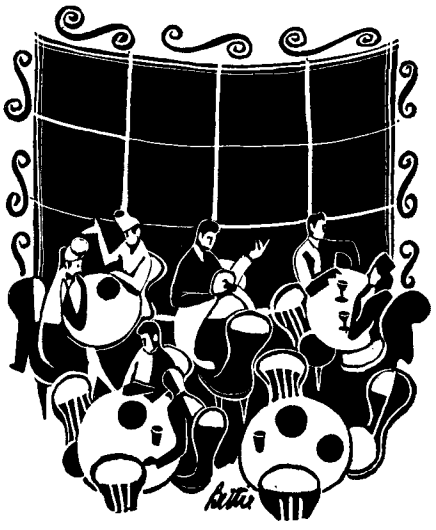
A GOOD many of his admirers in this country would probably agree that if Bing Crosby had sung "White Christmas" or "Adeste Fidelis" in front of the television cameras at the Coronation, it would have added just the right touch to that solemn pageant. For Bing, too, is a member of royalty—the American royalty, which includes our Presidents, statesmen, soldiers, pioneers, explorers, inventors, industrialists, athletes, and entertainers.

To create this American aristocracy, we have been willing hero-makers. The late Dixon Wecter believed that one reason for this is the great size of the country, together with its ever-growing, ever-shifting population. He felt that it is easier for us to express our patriotism in terms of a figure rather than the whole nation, which grows hazy and vague when one tries to fit it beneath the mind's eye. Our lesser heroes are chosen because we are romantics by necessity. In an industrial, urban society where free enterprise creates a competition that is intense and unyielding, the vistas both real and imaginary can be short and cramped. A certain amount of quiet desperation is inevitable. If so, people must, through hero appreciation, occasionally get their minds out of their stuffy backyards, Levittowns, Stuyvesant Towns, and tenements in order to regain a sense of the world's bigness, and in so doing forget themselves. For each need at each period in our history we create the proper, assuaging hero. In turbulent times we turn to the solidity of a Wilson; and in times of peace, when the long years build into a national boredom, we seek out a Jesse James or a Buffalo Bill.

If we attempt to grade this elected hierarchy, we find at the top our Presidents and statesmen. These are usually remote, elevated, but never untouchable, for we have chosen them, and therefore reserve the right of criticism, and even vituperation. Our patriots, who are also removed and sometimes legendary while still alive, come next. Then there are the industrial heroes and the inventors, who came to a heady prominence for the first time near the end of the last century.

In all periods we have looked to our entertainers for the fortifying emotions of love and laughter, which have increasingly come to seem almost like luxuries. The first matinee idols, like Thomas D. Rice, Edwin Forrest, and Edwin Booth, go back to the days of the minstrelsy and the early American stage, and were celebrated by a relatively select audience in a relatively dignified fashion. (It is said, however, that at a corresponding time in France, the female worshipers of the composer-pianist Franz Liszt were so fervent they collected his discarded cigar butts and hid them in their bosoms.) Since the advent of the radio, movies, television, and the advertising agency, the names of our entertainers have multiplied and become household words with bewildering rapidity: Chaplin, Barrymore, Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Mary Pickford, Will Rogers, Shirley Temple, Fred Astaire, Arthur Godfrey, and Bing Crosby.

BING CROSBY, of course, is something more than just an entertainment idol or Hollywood star to the American people and the world at



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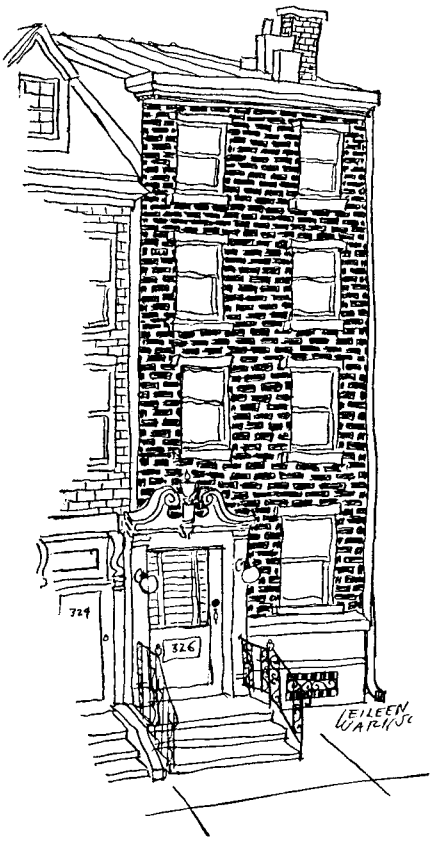
large. His voice first seized the collective consciousness in the mid-Thirties with its roomy, rich qualities that could make young hearts tremble with "I Surrender, Dear" and older hearts weep with "Home on the Range." Then, after the face and the figure grew familiar on the national screens, fitting the voice like a glove, all three characteristics became synonymous and interchangeable. And now he has emerged as a figure that is often affectionately regarded as the ideal American male. If, in a larger sense, the bigger-than-life common man is a new figure to the world and is the century's hero, Bing may also be one of the first of the Universal Common Men:

He is handsome, but his ears keep him from being sleek. He is sloppy, but a respectable dresser. He is a staunch family man. He is a good athlete. He is no intellectual. He can hold a decent amount of liquor. He is a good guy. He is naive-seeming. He is, with his pipe, serene, relaxed, unhurrying. He is unassuming. He has a smile that is as warm and broad and white as a feather bed. He is a little overweight, a little dumpy, and quite bald, as are multitudes of grown American men. And finally, he is secure because he is a financial success.

In his book, "Call Me Lucky," which is not so much an autobiography as it is a bagful of anecdotes about himself and the people he has known, he tells us just what we would expect him to. He claims his success has been due to unfailing luck, to the fact that he has never ceased to enjoy his work, and to his ability for always taking life just a little easier than it demands to be taken. (Americans in general love luck. It is the reason for their successes. It is at fault when they fail. But they rarely admit to their own responsible virtues or faults.) He agrees his singing is not what it used to be, that he is no great actor and never will be, and that as a comedian he is only fair.

YOU will find nothing in Crosby's book that is at all revelatory. There is no mention of his politics, or his prejudices, and his religion (Catholicism) is only touched upon. He devotes just twelve pages out of 333 to his late wife, Dixie. You will find little concrete information about his mercurial rise in the entertainment world. You will, however, find interesting material about his younger days in Spokane—he was born in Tacoma in 1904—where he was educated in Catholic schools; of how he and Al Rinker, a schoolmate, went down to Los Angeles in 1925 in an old




flivver and were working for Paul Whiteman before the year was out as a piano-and-song act; of how he developed his singing style in the early Thirties with Whiteman and Gus Arnheim while listening to the late Mildred Bailey and "Skin" Young; and of how, by 1931, he had his own fifteen-minute radio show and was in his first movie, "The King of Jazz."

From then on the chronology purposely falls to pieces, and the rest of the book, which was written with the help of a tape recorder and Pete Martin of *The Saturday Evening Post* in a style that can best be described as sporty, is a pleasant parade of the things he has enjoyed most in his life: his four sons, golf, music, hunting and fishing, horses, and his friends and acquaintances, who have included such as Bix Beiderbecke and President Eisenhower.

Near the end of "Call Me Lucky," Bing sums himself up by saying: "I don't think I've ever done anything really worthwhile," and "I will never create anything of lasting importance." The first statement is a surprising bit of hocus-pocus from a man who considers his life important enough to be permanently recorded on paper. And the second sounds like a hurdy-gurdy man crying that he can never play in Carnegie Hall. These jar a book that is, all in all, just another good Crosby performance.

# The Wayside Sin

***Polly Adler's "A House Is Not a Home"*** *(Rinehart. 374 pp. $4) offers a peek into one of the plushiest bordellos of the Twenties, providing perceptive comment on one of society's perennial problems.*

By Lee Rogow

POLLY ADLER'S "A House Is Not a Home" is an extraordinary performance by a nonprofessional writer, as unique, if not quite as inspirational, as the Sacco-Vanzetti letters which figure in "The Male Animal." There are none of those "grateful acknowledgments" or "as told to's" which speck the flyleaves of most contemporary memoirs. "A House" is not haunted. I am reliably informed that it was writ by hand by Miss Adler herself. This makes the book itself a remarkable chapter in the life of the vice chairlady of New York.

Polly Adler has faced up to her own history with the same attitude as the photograph Rinehart has reproduced on the dust jacket. Here is a woman well-dressed and well-fleshed. The eyes are liquid but intent, the mouth is broad and humorous. She stares at the reader with frankness, almost with eagerness, and, if there are certain things that have been concealed or made pretty for the camera, that is the instinct and the privilege of those who pose for a picture. Here I am, she seems to say. Call me madam.

Soon after this record begins Polly Adler answers that perennial call-house catechism, "How did you happen to get into this line of business?" With wry humor she quotes the soignee college girl who answered that same question: "Just lucky, I guess." It is entirely clear that what Polly Adler wanted was money. She lived in the era of the Big Money, and a poverty-poisoned childhood made her more ashamed of poverty than she was of shame. "In the world of the Twenties, as I saw it," she writes, "the only unforgivable sin was to be poor."

LATER in the book this woman who claims to have been made by her times deals with the difficulty that there were other poor girls of the same period who didn't operate a house where "three girls were coming in several nights a week to entertain acquaintances [she] had made along the Gay White Way." She does not deal with it satisfactorily, of course, for there is no satisfactory

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apologia for this career, but it is bootless to engage in morality tournaments with the author. The book should be read for what it is, a taut, fairly honest, and fascinating personal history which contains unblinkable facts about our civilization.

AS MIGHT be expected, the personality that emerges from these pages is primarily that of a businesswoman. It is clear that the underworld has its overhead, as well as its competition and its problems of personnel turnover. There are problems of decor, for example. It appears that Louis Quinze or Louis Seize is traditional for a house, probably because these motifs of gilded decay suit the atmosphere of luxurious sin. It is instructive to note that weekends when there were big football games up at the Stadium were regarded as good for business. On page 302 is presented what amounts to a weekly balance sheet of the operation, including entries for numerous pay-offs, maids, laundry, midnight snacks for friendly cops, paper towels. It would appear from this breakdown that there is some truth in the shibboleth that crime does not pay very well. With such problems, it is not inappropriate that the proprietress should speak with admiration of some of her girls who were "go-getters."

As Damon Runyon once pointed out, doing the best you can is a profession which is overcrowded at all times. It may come as a shock to the cynical that the mere embrace of wickedness is no guarantee of financial reward. Since Polly Adler was a shrewd businesswoman, however, she managed to rise to the very top of this ancient calling. She had a fancy clientele, some of whom came merely for her conversation. It might be said that she ran a house of good repute.

Considerations of taste and law have prevented her from mentioning names. Only the cognoscenti will peer behind the pseudonyms to recognize the obscure bandleader with whom she had an abortive romance, the police officials who were on her payroll. Harry Richman, the entertainer, has permitted her to recount an incident from her pre-professional youth, when her dress came apart at a dance and he gallantly escorted her home. For the most part she has been able to be completely frank only about Dutch Schultz and other gangsters of the era, who considerately eliminated each other as possible plaintiffs in libel actions. The chapter in which she describes what happened when Dutch Schultz moved into the house to live is a terrifying lesson in the power of naked violence, especially over those who have already put themselves outside the law.

Even more terrifying and shocking are her stories of the girls, the merchandise at the store. These are what you might expect, the vice-told tales of human wreckage, ranging from neurotic despair to narcotic degradation. The case histories are old and ugly and shattering, and prove there is no greater sadness than in the house of joy.

It is interesting that the boss-lady could never completely lose a certain old-world prudishness about her profession. She relates that she was constantly trying to improve the table manners of her charges, she permitted no off-color conversation, and she relates that when a certain new employe had turned up drunk she was downcast, for she had "placed her on a pedestal."

IT WAS this duality (aggravated by harassments of the LaGuardia constabulary) which eventually drove Polly Adler to a rendezvous with her incongruous destiny. She felt, she writes, like the Ghost in Hamlet, "cut off even in the blossoms of my sin . . . with all my imperfections on my head." Now began the long period of search-for-self which has illuminated the agonies of more exalted philosophers. This led her to matriculate at a West Coast college as a freshman, to satisfy the education-hunger which burns strongly in the immigrant. Then it led her to the private torture of creating a book. "Compared to writing a book," she says, "running a house had been a breeze."

Now the book is done, and it is an astonishing record. There is some good tough writing in it. It sparkles with the hot little phrases that Ben Hecht once termed "bird calls." It is neither a whitewash nor a lurid expose, though it contains enough evidence that vice is vicious. I believe it will be read with enormous interest, for it is a sad and vigorous and vivid account of a life which is knit into its own time, and is at the same moment a commentary on every time that ever was.

# Twenties' Tantrums

***Caresse Crosby's** autobiography **"The Passionate Years"** (Dial Press. 342 pp. $5) offers a vivid picture of the American expatriates of the gaudy Twenties.*

By Elizabeth Wecter Pike

CARESSE CROSBY began life as Polly Jacob, a New York lass whose memories include Central Park rides in an ermine-lined baby sleigh, the glory of being the first Girl Scout, and the merriment of being a blooded debutante. Her first marriage, to a Back Bay scion, was sustained for a time by two babies and the heroics of World War I, but came a cropper when her path crossed Harry Crosby's. He, too, was a Brahmin, but one who broke wildly free from his matrix. After Polly's divorce, he and she began the giddy adventure of life—in Paris, where he toiled in the Morgan bank. Handily, J.P. was his "Uncle Jack."

Harry had been to the wars, as an ambulance driver, and as Malcolm Cowley has written of him, "bodily he survived the war . . . but something was dead inside him." Frenetically he sought revivification in all and any stimulant. When Polly took to writing poetry and was ready for publication she rechristened herself, mellifluously, Caresse. Harry then gave up banking and took to writing, too. Their way of life was mad, deliberately mad, and whether it demanded that Caresse lead a black whippet about, his toenails lacquered gold, or that Harry affect a black button-hole gardenia, or that they live in an abandoned gun emplacement at Etretat, or a mill at Ermenonville replete with dogs, burros, ferret, and cheetah, they carried it off with an air.

It is about their years together, in the Twenties, that Caresse is writing in her new book, "The Passionate Years." Caresse's passionate years? My word . . . with a snigger and a wary eye out for the Watch and Ward Society, I plunged into it, but found it a shallow dive and in waters fairly crystal. Thistledown autobiography of one of the lost generation's lambs, it frolics along at a tumbling clip never settling to earth or significance. Of this glistering period Malcolm Cowley has written more analytically, Fitzgerald more brilliantly, and Harry Crosby more specifically. (His three volume diary, "Shadows of the Sun," was published posthumously by his own Black Sun Press.) However, Mrs. Crosby recounts life from a very fem-

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inine vantage point, giving freshness to the oft-told.

Though the Crosbys' life was gay to delirium, it seems made up more of quest than zest. Their playmates were a wondrously brilliant lot, and from that richness came productivity. Harry allied himself with *transition*, together he and Caresse founded the elegant Back Sun Press, later Caresse alone promoted the paperbacked Crosby Continental Editions—three media which gave early stature to such giants as Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Hart Crane, Kay Boyle, and Archibald MacLeish.

Harry Crosby had an Incan worship of the sun, and charted his life by its searing glow. Melodramatically, he and Caresse planned a double suicide for distant 1942. Together they would leap from a plane in a true "sun death." But somewhere a chill shadow fell across Harry's course, and in December 1929 he committed suicide in New York under shabbily scandalous circumstances. The scorching sorrow of his death must still burn too hot in Caresse's heart—she eludes it as a topic. One feels truly that hers was a great love, and that her life slowed to a grinding halt that Christmastime. Gallant she is, and saucy forever. But the zenith of her life and book is her participation in "the greatest, gaudiest spree in history," as Fitzgerald called the 1920's.

# Hamlet on the Prairie

***J. C. Dykes's "Billy the Kid: The Bibliography of a Legend"*** *(University of New Mexico Press. 186 pp. $3.50) is an exciting record of the fact and fancy enveloping the reputation of America's best-known bad man.*

By E. DeGolyer

SHERIFF Pat Garrett shot a ruthless but brilliant young desperado in Pete Maxwell's bedroom at Fort Sumner, N. M., about midnight July 14, 1881. William H. Bonney, twenty-one-year-old killer and cattle thief, died and the legend of Billy the Kid, the Southwest's Robin Hood, was born.

In "Billy the Kid: The Bibliography of a Legend," Jefferson C. Dykes, book collector extraordinary and student of the Old West, has traced the recorded material bearing on the life and the legend—books, magazine articles, plays, and motion pictures. He presents the titles of some 437 of them with copious notes regarding both fiction and fact. He has written one of the most readable bibliographies and the only really exciting one that I have ever seen.

What sort of a man was the Kid? Appraisals run from Cox's "cur who was not above shooting a man in the back" through Dixon Wecter's "adenoidal farm boy with a rifle" to Fishwick's recent attempt to identify him as the American Faust. We lack only his apotheosis as the Southwest's "Little Eva," ascending into heaven in a lace paper valentine.

Dykes has summarized the known facts of the Kid's life in a little more than a half page of his preface. Supposed to have been born in New York November 23, 1859, he was brought to New Mexico by his mother, and a stepfather, surnamed Antrim, while still a child, and lived at Santa Fe and later at Silver City. He appeared in Lincoln County in 1877 and went to work for the Murphy-Dolan outfit. He switched to the opposing faction and worked for the English rancher John H. Tunstall. Tunstall, for whom the Kid seems to have had sincere affection, was murdered February 18, 1878, in an opening skirmish of what came to be known as the Lincoln County War. Thereafter, in the words of his biographer, "the Kid had become a monomaniac on the subject of revenge for the death of Tunstall."

General Lew Wallace of "Ben Hur" fame, then governor of New Mexico, tried to stop the Lincoln County War late in 1878 with an offer of general amnesty. He even arranged a special interview with the Kid, but the Kid was unwilling to accept amnesty and continued his own version of the war. He stole horses and cattle from his opponents and sold them in the Texas Panhandle. He stole stock from the Texans to sell in New Mexico. This perhaps, more than anything else, was his undoing.

The Kid was captured about Christmas 1880 and taken to Santa Fe. He was tried at Messila in the March 1881 term of court, convicted of the murder of Sheriff Brady and sentenced to be hanged. He was brought to Fort Stanton, nine miles west of Lincoln, and on April 21 delivered into the custody of Sheriff Garrett. A week later he shot down two of his guards and escaped. Within less than three months he was killed by the sheriff.

WHY has Billy the Kid become a legendary hero? I suspect, first of all, that the name by which he was known all too easily serves as the nucleus of a legend. He was brave—a fightin' fool who didn't count the odds. Most, if not all of his life, he was an underdog. The Old West tolerated a certain amount of crime, indeed it indulged in, even enjoyed it. It prided itself that it was just.

There is a streak of anarchy in man. He sets up a code of laws for his own

(*Continued on page* 26)

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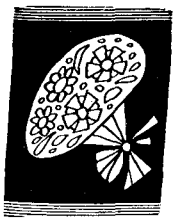
# Some Triumphs of the Gentle Warriors



*The feminine tradition in American fiction leaves its mark on three novels that will be read by thousands of women this summer:* ***"The Laughing Stranger," by Vina Delmar*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 250 pp. $3);* ***"Taw Jameson," by May Davies Martinet*** *(Knopf. 352 pp. $3.75); and* ***"Affair of the Heart," by Margaret Long*** *(Random House. 376 pp. $3.50).*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

ONCE upon a time, in a manner and with a matter that is often reproduced today, there were novels especially designed for "ladies" written by women who believed that neither they nor their readers should recognize anything likely to disturb complacence. For those who never encountered reality—and maybe many of the writers and readers didn't—these must have been pleasant books. The knightliness of the right man, offset by the unambiguous villainy of the wrong one, must have pleased as much as the invariable comfort the carefully preserved virtue of every woman invariably won. True, along with the comfort went a slightly tarnished husband, but, then, he had never seen a pearl of such great price.

Even in the pages of the ladies' own journals that companion their womanhood, such fiction is not the rule today. Adultery, race problems, war, Communism, and Freud not altogether fraudulently presented, raise their seldom lovely heads in even the most discreet magazines and books the ladies who transcend or evade womanhood can buy. The best of what the ladies read could be read by men if they'd overcome their prejudice in favor of *Esquire;* the worst are often better than what men get in the books and magazines for men without women.

Vina Delmar's "The Laughing Stranger" almost could serve as a prototype of the contemporary novels for the ladies not altogether sure of God's and their men's blessing. Mostly it is about the impact of a laughing, evidently amoral, stranger, Brandon, upon a family noted for probity and bad luck. Brandy, as the intimates who are not her friends call her, is a "secesh" woman who neglects a baby not her husband's and who once betrayed her fellow Southern townsmen to Sherman's Yankees. She seduces, almost casually, Brett, a son of the "star-crossed family" and a neurotic made by the battle of Fredricksburg, treats contemptuously Liz, his hunchback sister, apparently makes nearly everyone unhappy. Yet the point to the story is the unconventional one that joy would never have entered the lives of the star-crossed family had they not met the evil Brandon.

There's material for a good novel here, something Hawthorne might have liked writing about, and there are times when the style is genuine enough to make the most of the good substance. But the total effect is phony because the style is dull and the plot is implausibly arranged. Powell ages "in a few hours"; Brett is "not as other men." Liz has a "knowledge shared by all women who have been acquainted with well-equipped homes." Aunt Laurel's wedding gown she never used is beautiful "as moonbeams." Granting a minimal appropriateness of the trite style to the nineteenth-century woman who is supposed to be the narrator, still I hope that most women, however ladylike, will prefer something more vividly written and less melodramatically presented.

MAY Davies Martinet's "Taw Jameson" would have shocked the early-century lady by its candor about sex, pleased her because it presents the life of a girl who is plagued by excessive beauty, too much money, and a domineering mother. Chloe, as she is presented by her ever-faithful Taw (who could have gone places and done things had he loved her less), has a hard time finding her golden self under the brass her mother polished brightly. But Chloe wins what every woman wants at last: the English duke and the German prince are cast aside for her childhood sweetheart who is only a poor doctor's son and it looks as though she has a good chance to be happy though wealthy. Of course she *is* grieved over the imprisonment of Taw, who disposes of the prince a little too violently to please English law courts.

The tone of my description is overcaustic. Mrs. Martinet sometimes writes exceedingly well; her dramatization of Chloe's driven, driving mother is admirable. But I am compelled to suggest that she has been so much infected by fiction written for every woman that she needs strong medicine before she can write for the more sophisticated among them. Chloe is the immature woman's vision of herself as she isn't—a woman she can identify with pleasantly yet not envy. The sentimental dream of many women, that they'll marry their childhood sweetheart and be loved unrequitedly by a retainer who gives all for nothing, is fundamental in the story and an impetus to a style that strains towards a poetic prose it rarely achieves. If one may say that Miss Delmar has done better and should again, one must say that Mrs. Martinet needs to grow a lot in both experience and control before she can write a novel that appeals to the humanity that is potential even in women who pride themselves upon being ladies.

MARGARET LONG'S "Affair of the Heart," though it is inaccurately oversimplified on the dust-jacket as "a passionate story of two estranged lovers portrayed against a background of violence in a small Southern town," is a good novel by any man's or woman's standards. Sometimes it is too "talky," often the characters crowd one another so much they become temporarily nonentities, finally the plot reverts to an implausible reconciliation of estranged lovers that makes one wish Mrs. Long had never read a woman's magazine. But this is basically a very good book, a good deal to be preferred as a novel to Miss Smith's "Strange Fruit," more sensible in its attitude towards the racial problem that is its main concern than what Faulkner has written more eloquently.

As readers of Mrs. Long's first novel, "Louisville Saturday," will recognize at once, what I have said overemphasizes her thesis and underestimates her ability as a novelist. Her thesis—that the Southerners who voted for Truman want to get rid of guilt-feelings about the Negro and subconsciously welcome even Yankee

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or Federal interference that is not too drastic—would never get across if she didn't know how to make people in action both probable and interesting. Indeed, it can be said that those who reject her thesis will still believe in Eve, Carter, John Babcock, Brother, the Fort Mary newspapers and newspaper people, the never melodramatized racial incidents that form the book's proper focus.

Long after one forgets Eve's not altogether convincing salvation from alcoholism, one will recall the vivid scene when she tries not to take a drink. Even if one decides that Negroes should be kept in "their place," he will remember the time when the perplexed white policeman tries to be fair to the Negroes he reluctantly persecutes. The not-too-bright Elma who is married to the crusading John Babcock, the mother-fixated Boyce, Doris the woman who makes good writing out of her frustration, and others will live even for those who think Mrs. Long a Yankee in Southern clothing.

"Affair of the Heart," marred though it is by immature craftsmanship and the heritage every woman who has read books for the ladies must overcome, points the way women should write and gives us a novel men as well as women should and could read. Women and men are different, obviously yes, but their similar humanity is and has been what all good writers write to since the feudal and stupid conception of an inevitable war between the sexes has been recognized as a fact that need not remain always factual.

—*Meriwether.*

**Margaret Long—"very good book."**

# Do Men Read?

*Some thoughts on the widening chasm between the sexes as it is reflected in two volumes frankly presented as "stories for men":* ***"The Fourth Round," edited by Charles Grayson*** *(Holt. 374 pp. $3.95), and* ***"The Violent Wedding," by Robert Lowry*** *(Doubleday. 255 pp. $3).*

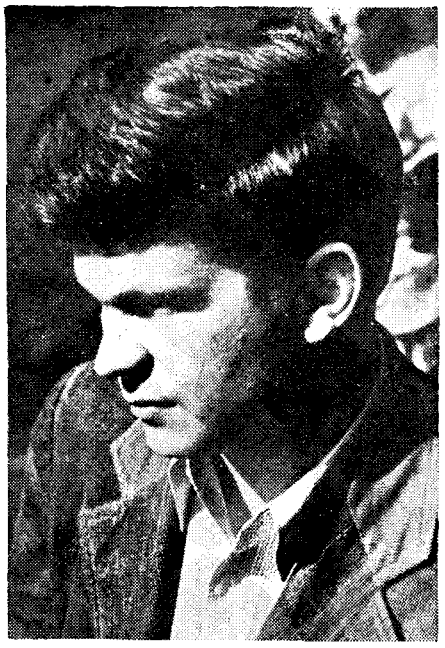
By Al Hine

ON THE title page of Charles Grayson's anthology, "The Fourth Round," just above the title, is printed: "Stories for Men." This would seem a very good reason for dumping the volume instanter into the nearest wastebasket, which would be a pity as there are some good stories in it. But what is this "Stories for Men" business? Is it an admission that men today represent only a tiny enclave in the reading public, that feminine domination of our culture is so complete that Boob Brother or Friend Husband must be lured into the act of reading by a separate entrance?

It used to be that books, like many of the other good things in life, were assumed to be normally palatable to men. The man of the literate household was expected to be able to read with enjoyment everything from Miss Austen's novels to Macaulay's history to Melville, and often did. The little woman, when she could swipe time from her chores, had a specialized shelf—Mrs. Opie, Lady Blessington, or the pattern-packed pages of *Godey's.*

Now I am not one to deplore the progress of women from hearth and kitchen to politics and P-TA, but I do think it sorrowful that this progress should bring with it so great a pendulum swing in the arts that specifically male reading matter is now in danger of literary segregation. The day has not yet arrived when a security policeman may demand a plausible explanation from any man found reading a book, but it is a threat. Labels like "Stories for Men" are the handwriting on the wall.

I am not a sociologist, so I can't say when this movement toward segregation first got under way. In my own memory, the first signs came in the middle 1920's, a smattering of anthologies devoted to stories for the stronger sex. Usually they had a gentleman in a top hat on the dust jacket, sometimes with a champagne glass in one hand, sometimes smoking a cigar in the fumes from which could



**Robert Lowry—"spare, clean style."**

be descried the form of an odalisque; the worst of them bore the tag "risgay," or, with a washroom kind of flair, FOR MEN ONLY. In the early 1930's *Esquire* came along to give men a tiny antidote to the increasing ubiquity of women's magazines, and more labeled men's books came to crowd the shelves. This might be considered part of a noble and honest desire to re-establish the male as a reader were it not for the fact that these publishing acts were themselves admissions of a rear-guard action, if not full defeat. And, regretful to say, the quality of most of the male directed opera was usually at a lower level than that directed at the general or predominately female audience.

"THE FOURTH ROUND" falls somewhere in the middle ground of purportedly male reading. It isn't on so low a level as the smut-hinting compilations; on the other hand, it falls far below most standard anthologies aimed at the common reader without specification as to sex. Mr. Grayson seems to have kept his labors as editor to the bare minimum possible even for a professional anthologist. There are no prefatory notes either to explain the reasons for the selections or any facts about their first publication or their writers. Instead they are arranged in convenient (for the anthologist) alphabetical order. There is a sort-of introduction by Humphrey Bogart, an actor. Despite whatever expectations may be raised by the title, there are no prize-ring stories in the book, though there is a good Walter D. Edmonds story about dog fighting and a competent story

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by Robert Sylvester about a jai-alai match.

Out of the twenty-seven stories selected, at least half are well above average, and only a handful have suffered from overmuch previous anthologizing. There is Thurber's "The Catbird Seat," but I can see no objection to including it in all anthologies, or even in tacking it on as an afterpiece to most novels. It can stand almost indefinite rereading. On the credit side also are Horace McCoy's "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?," taut and memorable story of a dance marathon; Roald Dahl's chilling "Taste," the story of a macabre wager; James Gould Cozzens's "Men Running," a convincing re-creation of military muddle in the Civil War; "The Willow Walk," by Sinclair Lewis, a study of how his own perfection betrays an embezzler; and John Russell's classic old-time yarn of Papuan adventure, "The Lost God."

For debits, there are dredged up "After the Storm," possibly the worst piece of writing ever to come from Hemingway; "No Peace with the Sea," a totally confusing and incoherent submarine story by Stephen Longstreet; and "The Miracle of Tepayac," a shoddy piece of pseudo-primitive mysticism by John Steinbeck. In between are a bundle of generally good tales.

"THE Violent Wedding," slugged "A Novel of the Prize Ring," is by the Robert Lowry who has given us "The Wolf That Fed Us," "Casualty," and "The Big Cage" among other deeply felt and movingly written fiction. Under the craze for classification mentioned above, it could be touted as A Man's Book.

"The Violent Wedding," from any other writer, would be a good book and certainly full of promise. From Lowry, it is a letdown. His other writing, occasionally lacking in discipline, was never without immediacy and impact. In this story of a Negro prize fighter, a ring killer, a precision machine of boxing destruction with a fondness for snappy Cadillacs in gay colors (the prototype is obvious), Lowry seems to have lost that power for impact. The ingredients of a story (possibly an overfamiliar one) are here: the boxer trying for the title, his neurotic white girl friend, his ambitious manager, his understanding yet worried mother, his parasitic sisters. But the characters seldom come to life. It is as if, in an effort for the spare, clean style that is today's lit'ry vogue, Mr. Lowry had cut from his characters all the detail that might make them interesting. You get a curious impression of a nerveless narrator standing off to one side and describing the action of his puppets in neat and clinical documentary prose.

YOU learn a little about Baby, the fighter and central figure, but not enough. You never understand fully his love, if it is that, for Laine, the stereotype Bennington graduate, Greenwich Village girl artist. There is no explanation or feeling of reason in her love for him, and little understanding of why that love dies. And these are the two principal and most fully developed characters in the book.

This is disappointing because Mr. Lowry generally writes well from word to word (though he does fall into occasional atrocities like: "He could satisfy his sexual level without her"), but the good writing is wasted on a theme that never stirs the reader. The book does come to life in the fight scenes, in momentary scenes at Baby's training camp, in quick, sharply reported pictures of a Harlem bar or of Baby's spoiled sister or of his mother's apartment. But it isn't quite enough.

"The Violent Wedding" is, for all that, readable and even interesting in the sense that your reading expectation, which is never fulfilled, keeps you hoping for fulfilment to the last page. As a failure, it is more ambitious and honest than many novels which will outsell it. The pity is that had Lowry only captured in it the immediacy and vitality of his earlier work, it could have been a fine book, and not for men only or for women only. Just a fine book.

—*Max Ehlert.*

**Audrey Erskine Lindop—"stirring tale."**

# Mexican Dialectic

*In* ***"The Singer Not the Song"*** *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 371 pp. $3.75),* ***Audrey Erskine Lindop*** *skilfully combines romance and moral conflict in a novel destined to enjoy great popular success.*

By John Barkham

WHEN the struggle between God and the Devil is intertwined with a cops-and-robbers chase, the outcome can hardly fail to be a stirring tale. These are, after all, staple ingredients of current American fiction, and, since they do so well individually, why shouldn't they do doubly well together?

In Audrey Erskine Lindop's "The Singer Not the Song," they can, and do. Miss Lindop, an Englishwoman, has built her book around a conflict reducing its elements to their most recognizable forms. The setting is the small Mexican village of Quantana, high in the mountains. The two actors round whom this little world revolves are an Irish priest, Father Keogh, and a bandit named Malo, the Evil One.

The tension has begun before the story opens. Malo and his gang of killers hold the entire village in thrall. The last priest, Father Gomez, sought to win the villagers by faith. Fear won. Now comes handsome young Father Keogh to joust with Malo for God.

By slow degrees the author raises the voltage of her story. Malo is no crude Mexican criminal, but a fearless, finely-chiseled mind unhappily warped in boyhood. Nor is Father Keogh a simple country priest, but a fearless, finely-chiseled mind happily dedicated to God. There is, indeed, much in common between the two adversaries, and they fight each other with respect. But Malo has most of the advantages: while the priest promises the villagers hell in the next world, he can give them hell in this.

A variety of subsidiary characters are brought on stage, but essentially the story is pinned on these two, and slows down when they are absent. The element of suspense is introduced when Malo embarks on a series of alphabetical murders: the first victim's name begins with A, the second with B, and so on to J. Next on the list, presumably, is Father Keogh. Finally, there's a girl—a pretty eleven-year-old when the priest arrives, a nubile bride-to-be when the tale reaches its actionful climax.

All the necessary ingredients,

(*Continued on page* 26)

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# Read Books and Live Longer

TO THE layman the big discoveries in medicine during the past decade have been in the field of antibiotics and miracle drugs. To the specialist in medical science, however, even greater developments have taken place in the growing knowledge about man himself. In particular, medicine has been registering gains in learning about the individual under pressure. Since the turn of the century, of course, increasing importance has been placed on the relationship between tensions and disease. But only recently has medical science been able to trace so clearly the interdependence and interaction of mind and body.

All this has a direct bearing on good books. For reading is now being regarded by some leading doctors as much more than a pleasant diversion. They now see it as a health-building and health-saving activity. This is inflating news indeed for the book world. But before we consider good books as therapy a little supporting data may be in order.

An excellent source of such material is to be found in Dr. Frank Slaughter's "Medicine for Moderns," just reissued as a paperback by Signet under the title "Your Body and Your Mind." Dr. Slaughter is concerned with a wide range of diseases and disorders directly or indirectly connected with the rush and crush of modern civilized living. For example, he shows the effect of emotional conflict on the human heart. Indeed, he regards the heart as a supremely sensitive indicator of mental disturbances. He details the terrible effects of hate and fear and tension—eating their way into the unconscious, creating dangerous strains on the functioning mechanism of the body itself. High blood-pressure, coronary thrombosis, asthma, diabetes, spastic colitis, and a host of other serious disorders cannot be separated, he writes, from the excessive strains of modern living and the intense emotional pressures at work inside the individual. Doctors not trained in the "psychosomatic concept are as far behind as was the medicine of the ancient tribes."

WHAT does all this have to do with books? Well, Pascal once said that most of the disorders and evils in life were the result of man's inability to sit still and think. He regarded quiet and contemplation as essential food for the healthy mind. Our own age, however, is not likely to be distinguished in history for the large numbers of men who insisted on sitting still in order to pursue serious thoughts. Plainly, this is not the Age of Meditative Man. It is a sprinting, squinting, shoving age. Substitutes for repose are a billion-dollar business. Almost daily new antidotes for contemplation spring into being and leap out from the nation's counters. Silence, already the nation's most critical shortage, is almost a nasty word. Modern man may or may not be obsolete, but he is certainly wired for sound, and he has ants in his pants.

Whatever the limitations of a book, it is remarkably soundproof, though it is beautifully audible to the inner ear. But the virtues of a good book transcend its silence. A good book is an adventure in sharing but it is also an intensely personal experience. It offers fruitful solitude—sometimes in the heart of a crowd. It gives a man a chance to knit himself together. The psychologists call it integration, but all it means is that at some time a man must come to terms with himself. And this is seldom something that can be done on the run—especially when a man is in pursuit of practically everything in behalf of practically nothing. Charles Lamb knew what he was talking about when he said there are no hotbeds in the gardens of Parnassus.

IT WILL be noted that we have carefully qualified each mention of the word book with the adjective "good." And how is one to tell whether a book is good? You will know a good book by the signs just mentioned and others: It exercises yet replenishes the mind; it shatters the loneliness one feels in the group yet provides a splendid mutuality in isolation; it scorns the physical limitations of life yet provides access to thousands of lifetimes; and, most of all, it helps a man to sit still. And, no matter how thin the stream of good new books may run tomorrow, the river of the past has as much current as anyone may need.

The fact that some doctors now regard books as good for what ails their patients—particularly those who have difficulty in separating themselves from their spasms—this fact is doubly welcome at a time when too many people are in retreat from ideas and seem to regard books as things fit for hiding or even burning.

There are, of course, even more fundamental outlets for meaningful meditation than those provided by the book. But it is nice to know that in a world of twitching functionalism a good book can be helpful and healthful. —N. C.

# Eagle and Dove

By Theodore Maynard

WITH the tender breast of a dove.
But on wings of fire:
Thus comes love,
Thus comes desire.

On wings that are feathered soft
On the light bone,
Love falls from aloft
With a breast austere as stone.

And love and desire are one—
Eagle and Dove;
And the Phoenix' work is done
In the fire of love.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### WHO FOR WHOM?

ONE WONDERS WHETHER Ashley Montagu's article "Are Women As Creative As Men?" [*SR* May 30] is in reality intended merely to amuse, or whether lurking behind the words of the printed page there is some excessive need on the author's part to step forth as the all too enthusiastic standard-bearer for the feminine sex, in what battle, by the way, we know not. At any rate, the momentum of this article is surely intended to overthrow what we men have rationally believed in all these years, namely, the Miltonic doctrine, with reference to man and woman in their most perfect state: "Hee for God only, shee for God in him."

HENRY A. SOSLAND.

Cambridge, Mass.

### TRUE CREATIVE GENIUS

I THINK THAT most readers like myself assumed that the question of women's creativity was concerned with woman's ability—past and present, actual and potential—to create new conceptions in an artistic embodiment. . . . The fact is that in the realm of artistic and scientific creation women have not proved themselves so active as men. While literacy among women may not have been high until recently, since the acquisition of which women have acquitted themselves creditably and often nobly in letters, they have nevertheless long had access to virginals, viols, pianofortes, and other musical instruments. Some women indeed have become fine performers, but where in the past 400 years are the great composers among them?

Women and girls have likewise been freely exposed to great painting and sculpture. With few exceptions, however, feminine inspiration in pictorial art has created little but china painting, sentimental scenes, and pretty decorations. It is not very convincing to contend that women have been discouraged from seriously cultivating the arts. So, too, have men by unsympathetic families, lack of opportunity, and poverty. True creative genius in man or woman is not easily nor successfully discouraged, as many exponents, both male and female, have proved.

ROBERT JAMES.

North Troy, N. Y.

### EGG OR CHICKEN?

I'VE FOLLOWED WITH MIXED reaction the anthropological "findings" of Ashley Montagu anent the natural superiority of women and, though I might agree on some minor points, such as the captivating and captivation of a man, I must firmly disagree on the whole.

As for the venerable Montagu's mother-creativeness, I feel that the man is still somewhat necessary in the process, in order to form a more perfect union and go along with the task of manufacturing human beings. Can Mr. Montagu name one woman, in any place or time, who has successfully created *one* being all on her own? Again, I'm afraid anthropologist Montagu has taken on a timelessly topical discussion. His commercial acumen is above and beyond reproach. In such an egg-or-the-chicken theorem, I should like to ask the gentleman to define the creativeness of Christine. But, here again, perhaps I'm getting beyond the bounds of category.

ATLANTIS HALLAM.

Maywood, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"It's still in the experimental stage."

### LADIES DOSY-DO

IT IS MY BELIEF that Mr. Montagu has missed the point of the problem. The problem is not which sex is superior. The problem is how to bring about the realization in both sexes that they complement each other. But, please, no more milksops. Let the ladies place their bets and take their chances. I believe in them. They're strong enough.

NANCY COLE.

Franconia, N. H.

### INTIMACY NEEDED

CONGRATULATIONS on publishing another piece by Ashley Montagu. His splendid "Are Women as Creative as Men?" not only helps clarify many misconceptions concerning the man-woman relationship but thrusts an accusing finger at man's basic weakness; his lack of humanity, which not only places the guilt of centuries of national and international bloodshed upon his shoulders but has spiritually and emotionally emasculated him in performing his personal role of husband and father.

The world does not yet fully appreciate Mr. Montagu's research and his writings on the need for recognition of the capabilities of woman. But it will. For it has been our shame in the past to create as many unnatural differences as possible between man and woman, forcing them to live in a state of hostile proximity rather than in what some day can be a sympathetic intimacy.

VIRGINIA ROLLER BATDORFF.

Mogadore, Ore.

### CASSANDRA'S WORDS

SPLENDID! I mean your Africa issue [*SR* May 2]. Vast knowledge in compact form, infinite riches between two magazine covers.

It is interesting to learn that the necessary fuel for the Communist propaganda factory in Africa is magnanimously and without charge supplied by the anti-Communist statesmen of the West. It is very interesting indeed, but at the same time ominous to an uncomfortably perilous degree. Yet any folly, howsoever stupendous, can of course be expected from men unable to see a seething continent, even when the continent is of the rather impressive proportions of an Africa.

But let us be charitable, considering how few have been the statesmen in history who have seen the forest for the trees and the phantoms.

PORKKA SUKSITIE.

Helsinki, Finland.

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# Fiction

*Continued from page 23*

therefore, are present, and Miss Lindop has used them with taste and discretion. Taste, because of the delicacy with which she handles a situation involving a priest and a romantic girl. Discretion, because, lacking the ability to write exciting prose, she has recognized her limitations and has stayed within them. It is this same level-headed sincerity which enables her to skim lightly over the improbabilities inherent in the plot.

The novel's strength lies in its compelling narrative drive, which keeps you reading to an inevitable and predictable end, and its characterization, which is surprisingly convincing for an author writing about so remote a scene. On the priest and the bandit she has lavished all her skill, being, as she admits, more interested in the singer than the song. Even those of her readers who may deem songs more important than singers will find themselves falling under the spell of Malo and Father Keogh, in that order.

# Notes

**LIFE ON A FRENCH SAILING SHIP:** In **"Ride Out the Storm"** (Putnam, $4) Roger Vercel has written a tale of the sea, of sailing ships, and their effect on people. It begins just before the turn of the century, when an irresponsible young French sailor named Pierre Roland is launched on the long and stormy road to the quarterdeck. Every possible type of maritime experience takes place between the first page and the last, including storms, the death of a captain, incidents ashore in Nouméa and San Francisco, a losing encounter with a submarine, the captain's winning of a beautiful wife, and her death at sea. The storm is a rather standard set piece, and so are most of the other strictly maritime passages.

Rather curiously, it is in his handling of psychological matters about which there is nothing specifically marine that Mr. Vercel is at his best. Here he is very good indeed. As a captain, Roland has dealings with the average number of persons one would in the course of this much of a lifetime. Every one is carefully ticketed and laid out for inspection, made into an individual and given some employment in the story with a skill that keeps the reader's interest whether he is aware of any main line of development or not. As a matter of fact, there is not very much of one; the book merely stands as one of the largest slices of life on record.

Those familiar with other slices of maritime life will find some curious differences between the handling of a French windjammer and one of English or American persuasion. For instance, a bucko mate on a clipper would about as soon think of asking, "Who will eat the anchor?" as of jumping overboard with his arms around the same anchor. But this only adds interest to a book that already stands pretty firmly on its sea legs. —FLETCHER PRATT.

**PHILOSOPHICAL FICTION:** Waldo Frank is a distinguished man of letters, and the opening of **"Not Heaven"** (Hermitage House, $3.50) holds promise of something rewarding, though not for long —for eight pages in fact. In those eight pages he has sketched an attractive character, J. V. Bonabath, who "earned a living at a linotype machine and lived painting pictures in his attic room." He paints pictures entitled "Family Breakfast," "Ball Game," "Funeral," "Church Service," etc., and all the figures in them are nude. Nudism sweeps the world.

But Mr. Frank is also a philosopher, and he allows this amiable character to die, in order to get on with his philosophizing.

"Not Heaven" is sub-titled "A Novel in the Form of Prelude, Variations, and Theme." It is not a novel, since it is a collection of fourteen short stories. There are no variations, since no character appears anywhere but in the particular story which provides his or her background; and no story is a variation on any other, except in degree of dulness. The stories are loose and pretentious.

The Theme successfully eluded me, but I am going to let Mr. Frank speak for himself. This is from "An Aside to the Reader," which concludes his book: "It might be said that this novel has, in place of unifying plot, a unifying *theme* which grows, as the plot would, in the linear advance of the text (which therefore, like any novel, should be read in sequence) . . . grows by the variational development of the characters who progress, not in the time-groove and localized space expressive of certain cant assumptions of our dying culture, but in accord with the development of the Theme as *it* must grow in life; from unconsciousness toward whole, ecstatic knowledge." —CHARLES NORMAN.

# Americans

*Continued from page 20*

protection and then sympathizes with those who break them. At times, he even becomes maudlin in that sympathy. In the Lincoln County War the law itself was nothing to brag about —from the "Santa Fe Ring" right down to the partisan sheriff. Many felt that according to the code of the West the Kid should have had at least one shot in self-defense—a proposition too one-sided on the record to have been acceptable to his opponents. Most of all, he was idealized by a broken-down newspaperman with a bottle who ghostwrote an "Authentic Life" for his killer, and this in turn served as grist for many years for the dime-novel mills. For a story of its type one cannot do better than to read Mr. Dykes's book.

# Notes

**URBANE MENAGE:** Shirley Jackson, one of the prides of *The New Yorker*'s short-story stable, has written herself a darling book about herself, her husband, and her young: **"Life Among the Savages"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3). And, after four babies and the way she's learned to talk at P-TA meetings and over the phone to her small-town neighbors, I'm sure she'll accept this female adjective as a warm-hearted tribute.

Miss Jackson writes about her family, forced by housing shortage-lease difficulties to an old house in Vermont, with what the jacket calls "sophisticated humor" and "a cynical understanding and writer's objectivity" which "brings to life the joys and terrors of childhood as they are woven into family life." I'll go along with the sophisticated humor, but the rest is the usual jacket fiction. Miss Jackson artfully loves and portrays her children. She writes of their fast growth into formidable personalities with dismayed narration and lovely direct quotes, all charmingly subjective. Her view of their sayings and doings is certainly sophisticated but far from cynical or objective, thank God. They have joys aplenty and a credible amount of trouble and confusion, but none of the dark "terrors" the jacket conjures up—thanks, it seems, to the love and humor of Miss Jackson and her husband.

From the time the old Fielding House seizes upon the family, with one room "choosing" the children and various corners quietly insisting on the old furniture, until the fourth baby, "Life Among the Savages" is

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warmly endearing. It just goes to show you what nice, intelligent people with a wayward sense of what is funny can do when they set about reproducing their kind.

Miss Jackson turns a nice phrase, agreeably understates her labor pains, and persuades us that she, anyway, ought to have six more babies and write us another book to let us know how she makes out.

—Margaret Long.

**HOME LIFE OF A CARROT AFICIONADO:** In 1913, a young lady named Mary Williamson won a contest for "Britain's Perfect Woman." She was never to collect her prize money, however. Instead she became the third and most durable wife of the contest's sponsor, Bernarr Macfadden: self-anointed professor of Kinistherapy, physical culturist, and publisher extraordinary. Some seventeen years and seven babies later, she left "The Great Begatsby," having seen thirty million dollars come and go, and having absorbed enough punishment to make her book **"Dumbbells and Carrot Strips"** (Holt, $3.95) harrowing but fascinating reading.

In collaboration with Emile Gauvreau, onetime editor of Macfadden's newspaper, *The New York Daily Graphic,* Mrs. Macfadden details the fantastic story of her marriage, shredding the Father of Physical Culture as thoroughly as he was wont to masticate his beloved carrots. The eighty-three-year-old parachutist has already been the subject of interesting case studies by such expert profilers as Robert Lewis Taylor and the late Alva Johnston. But Macfaddeniana is a vast and apparently inexhaustible province—and Mrs. Macfadden has a vantage point obviously not available to previous researchers.

According to Mary Macfadden, it was Bernarr's overweening ambition which led to his financial destruction. Not content to confine himself to the kind of publishing which had parlayed his dumbbells, edibles, and revelations into millions, he plunged into less familiar enterprises. He produced "physical culture" motion pictures, such as the inexplicable "Zongar" and "Broken Homes" (which anticipated Popeye by having its heroine revived by carrots). He entered the hazardous field of metropolitan journalism and, in the opinion of Wife Number Three, lost his head and his fortune trying to become the first physical-culture President of the United States.

"Dumbbells and Carrot Strips" tells a rich and almost incredible story, one of the most stupefying features of which is the hardihood of the co-author herself in spending all those years with the unpredictable Bernarr.

One could wish for more photographs, though—at least for the picture postcard of "Britain's Perfect Woman" in tights. A woman of such remarkable mettle deserves to be admired.

—Martin Levin.

**INDOMITABLE VICTORIAN:** If Victorian women were in the main dowdy, dull, and dyspeptic, they were prodigious doers when the need arose. As an example, in **"The Wreck of the *Maid of Athens*"** (Macmillan, $2.75) we have a diary kept from February 17 to April 3, 1870 by twenty-nine-year-old Emily Wooldridge, who was the wife and sailing companion of the captain of the 230-ton brigantine *Maid of Athens.* It is written in such a placid, homey style one would think the author were describing a winter at an English parsonage. But the disasters that befell the *Maid of Athens* were far from a round of tea parties.

In January, two months out of London and bound for the west coast of South America, the first mate was washed overboard in a storm. Then, on February 17, the ships cargo caught fire off the tip of Tierra Del Fuego. The next day the captain managed to drive her aground on nearby Staten Island, getting ashore safely with his wife and all eight crew members. Toward the end of March, after six dismal weeks with a rascally crew on an uninhabited island not noted for its temperate climate and scenic beauty, and with the *Athens* long since burned to the water, the longboat was pronounced seaworthy, and the Wooldridges, together with five crewmen (three were picked up later), set off for the Falkland Islands a hundred miles further to the east.

During the six-day voyage, Mrs. Wooldridge displayed the same unblinking sturdiness and presence of mind she had on the island, where she had done everything but roll boulders around to keep her husband and the men properly fed and as comfortable as possible. As they entered the harbor of Stanley, however, her strength finally gave out, thus provoking from one of the men the astonished comment: "The Missus is crying."

—Whitney Balliett.

**GEORGIAN AT LARGE:** Henry McLemore, in case you don't know, is a Georgia-born sportswriter-columnist turned plain columnist who works in a rapidly balding tradition similar to that of H. Allen Smith and Robert Ruark. **"One of Us Is Wrong"** (Holt, $3.) is a book about his life, and it steams along like a rickety Southern local on a sleepy summer day, stopping here, stopping there, exploring this spur line and then that one, and reaching its destination on or about the right time. Along the way we are treated to glimpses of various events Mr. McLemore's assignments have taken him to, such as the Mississippi on the rampage, Father Divine on the Hudson, racing at Newport, the Kentucky Derby, Army life, the Olympics in Germany, and finally that grand tour of the world all columnists seem to wind up on sooner or later when they run out of their native sod. We are also introduced to many famous and invariably wonderful people the author has known: General MacArthur, the late Frank Crowninshield, Granny Rice, Pegler, Pandit Nehru, Bill Corum, Toots Shor, Gene Fowler, and the Manassa Mauler.

—W. B.

Bernarr and Mary Macfadden, with daughter—"harrowing but fascinating reading."

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# Human Want Is Obsolete

*Continued from page 11*

the human brain. To state it simply: The robots are here.

We have been largely unaware of this new movement in technology, perhaps, because it does not have a symbol as tangible as James Watt's steam engine. But it does have a single underlying principle, which is as clear cut and universal as the idea of converting heat into mechanical energy. This essential idea is known to engineers as the principle of feedback. It underlies all self-regulating systems, including living organisms. The nearest and simplest example of the principle in action is the household thermostat—a robot.

NOW, while the principle of converting heat to mechanical energy is embodied in about a dozen economically important heat engines, the robots in our economy appear in a host of species and varieties and in such diversity of design and appearance that they have only the essential feedback principle in common.

An accurate census of the robots already at work in our economy has not yet been made. But the evidence is strong that they now outnumber the human workers. Our entire energy economy is now subject to automatic control. The new technology of atomic energy is critically dependent upon automatic control; dozens of robots in the depths of a nuclear reactor control the dreadful flux of atomic particles in which no living thing could survive. Our communication system is a single giant digital computer. Our petroleum refineries and almost all of our chemical process plants are today so highly robotized that their complex operations are controlled by one or two operators at a push-button panel.

The mechanization of energy freed technology from the frailty of human muscle. The mechanization of the control function now frees technology from the limitations of the human nervous system. With human limitations removed, vast new areas of fundamental knowledge are opened up to exploitation by technology. Thereby, also, vast new resources of nature are made accessible to the satisfactions of human want and desire.

If looking into the next fifty years now seems to be a more feasible and more cheerful undertaking, let us consult a more authoritative crystal ball than mine. James Bryant Conant describes himself as a skeptical chemist and says his crystal ball is made of plastic. Not long ago he permitted himself the pleasure of looking into it and stating publicly what he saw. The fine structure of the future, he said, was beyond the resolving power of his equipment. But he was able to describe the grand outlines of mankind's situation fifty years from now with respect to its primary needs of fuel, food, and industrial materials.

At the beginning of the twenty-first century, Mr. Conant said, "Solar energy is of significance and by the end of the century is the dominating factor in the production of industrial power. The practical utilization of this inexhaustible source of solar energy," he added, "together with the great changes in agricultural technology, has already had enormous effects on the economic and political relations of nations. With cheap power the economical production of fresh water from sea water became a reality and made more than one desert adjacent to a sea coast a garden spot." Meanwhile, the chemistry industry had long since taken care of industry's requirements for raw materials, with synthetics that matched the entire spectrum of engineering specifications. "From carbon monoxide and hydrogen the chemist was producing not only liquid fuel but all manner of chemicals early in the second half of the twentieth century." As for the supply of this simple and universal process gas the chemical industry was able to secure all the carbon monoxide it needed from conversion of cheap agricultural crops. With the perpetually renewable resource of the soil to provide it raw materials, mankind no longer needed to dread the ultimate exhaustion of its fossil fuels.

In brief, Mr. Conant beheld a prospect which is clear to men of science all over the world. The next fifty years holds out the possibility of the final abolition of material want as a condition of human existence. This is already a technical reality, supported by an established capital of scientific knowledge and by a sufficiently detailed and documented inventory of the wealth of our planet. In sum, human want is now technologically obsolete.

There is, of course, a second variable in the problem of want, in addition to supply. This is the variable of demand created by the growth of population. According to the famous equation propounded by Thomas Malthus at the end of the eighteenth century, population must always increase faster than productivity and the masses of mankind are fated forever to live on the margin of bare subsistence. That was accurate enough as a description of the past history of the world. But today we can see not only that Malthus was wrong but that he had cause and effect reversed. Events, at least, suggest the paradox that a high birth rate is caused by poverty. For, with modern technology, it has now become possible for nations to increase their productivity at rates far in excess of the maximum rate of human population growth. During the past century wherever this has happened and the life of the people has begun to rise above the level of bare subsistence the birth rate has fallen and populations have tended to stabilize.

HUMAN want, in the past, has powerfully conditioned human behavior in other ways. For nearly all of our million years it required that the vast majority of human beings should live and die in slavery. It gave to the tribe and the state the primary task of organizing its members to contend with others for the always ultimately inadequate means of subsistence. Considering the powerful evidence of present population trends among the more fortunate nations, not to mention the abolition of slavery a century ago, we may hope that the removal of want as a limiting condition on man's relationship to man will fundamentally change the history of nations.

The question for the next fifty years is whether humanity will realize the abolition of want in fact—or whether history will merely go on repeating itself. Here we face subsidiary questions. These are political questions and, for the present, they raise all sorts of obstacles to concerting a program of international effort equal to the challenge.

The prospective abolition of want, however, is itself a political fact. It is the compelling drive behind the social and political upheaval of what used to be called the colonial regions and are now, more hopefully, known as the underdeveloped areas of the world. Americans, of all people, should comprehend this. It is the revolutionary example of our own dynamic technology that has convinced the Chinese, the Indians, the Arabians, and the Africans that want is no longer a necessary condition of existence. Ours is the first country in history to be faced with the problem of over-production.

Lord John Boyd-Orr, who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1949, observed a further correspondence between the problems of want and overproduction. "In a well-ordered world the danger of revolt against hunger," he declared, "and the threat of food surpluses would be made to cancel each other out."

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# Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which we do not have space to review this week, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

**THE AMERICAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.** Edited by Harold G. Shane. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. The annual yearbook of the John Dewey Society, with a collection of pieces on the various aspects of progressive education at elementary levels.

**AUSTRALIA: HER STORY.** By Kylie Tennant. New York: St. Martin's Press. $3.50. An informal history of Australia by one of its best living writers.

**CAPTAIN MARRYAT:** A Rediscovery. By Oliver Warner. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4. Nobody reads Captain Marryat's novels nowadays, but maybe this new critical biography of the querulous, unique nineteenth-century writer and soldier of fortune will reawaken interest where interest is due.

**CHINESE THOUGHT:** From Confucius to Mao Tse-tung. By H. G. Creel. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $5. A tracing of the various Chinese schools of philosophy from Confucius through Taoism and down to Communism.

**FLAUBERT:** A Biography. By Philip Spencer. New York: Grove Press. $5. A new biography of the great French novelist.

**FOR MORE THAN BREAD.** By Clarence Pickett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5. This is the story of the American Friends Service Committee, from its founding by the Quakers in 1929 to the present, written by its former executive-secretary.

**FOR THE SAKE OF HEAVEN:** A Chronicle. By Martin Buber. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. A fictional chronicle of the plight of the Jews of Southeastern Europe during the Napoleonic Wars.

**GOD OR CAESAR:** The Writing of Fiction for Beginners. By Vardis Fisher. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers. $5. Advice, criticism, and a study of myth and legend, for those who would write fiction today, based on Mr. Fisher's courses in writing. He is also, of course, a novelist of some ability himself.

**GRANT AND HIS GENERALS.** By Clarence Edward Macartney. New York: The McBride Co. $5. Not a "Lincoln's Herndon's Dog," but a study of the various relationships which Grant had with the thirteen generals who served under him at different times during the Civil War.

**THE HALF-OPEN ROAD.** By Keith Jennison. New York: Doubleday & Co. $1.95. A humorous guide on how to buy, handle, and take care of an automobile—as well as drive it—in this perilous Age of the Auto. Fifteen cartoons by George Price.

**HELP FOR THE TROUBLED.** By Lucy Freeman. New York: Crown Publishers. $3. By the author of "Fight Against Fears," this non-scientific book is a guide for the psychically troubled through the complicated field of mental health—the advisability of psychoanalysis rather than shock treatment, who to go to for what, etc.

**A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.** By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: Harper & Bros. $9.50. A major history of the birth and life of Christianity and its effects on Western civilization, by a well-known scholar who is also a specialist on the Oriental mind.

**HISTORY OF THE JEWS.** By Abram Leon Sachar. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A revised edition of a book by the present head of Brandeis University.

**IN THE MINDS OF MEN.** By Gardner Murphy. New York: Basic Books. $4.50. A report on and summation of the present state of India's complex, shifting society, by the head of a UNESCO-sponsored commission.

**LEARNING LAUGHTER.** By Stephen Spender. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. An account by the English poet and critic of what he saw in Israel in early 1952, with special attention given to the rehabilitation program being carried on in that state for its youngest generation.

**MAN IN SPACE.** By Heinz Haber. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.75. A discussion of the probabilities of space travel, and of how it is likely to affect man's mind and body.

**MIDDLE EAST DILEMMAS.** By J. C. Hurewitz. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.75. A study of our involvements—from the early nineteenth century to the present—with Iran, Egypt, Israel, Turkey, and the Arab states.

**MY EUROPE.** By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. New York: British Book Centre. $3.50. The author of "Memoirs of a British Agent" brings us up to date on his travels through Europe—on both sides of the Iron Curtain—since the war.

**NEW GUINEA AND THE MARIANAS.** By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6. This is the sixth volume in Professor Morison's monumental history of naval warfare in the Pacific in World War II. It covers the events leading up to and just after the victorious Battle of the Philippine Sea.

**NO PICNIC ON MOUNT KENYA.** By Felice Bennuzzi. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. A diary which details the escape of three men from a prison camp in Kenya in 1946. They scaled 17,000-foot Mt. Kenya, suceeded, and, after their descent, were returned to the camp.

**OUR VIRGIN ISLAND.** By Robb White. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The story of how the author, a successful writer of children's books, with his wife chucked civilization, set out with a couple of toothbrushes and a dream, and made good in the Virgin Islands.

**PRINCE HAMLET.** A Play. By Philip Freund. New York: Bookman Assoc. $2.75. A new play in verse about the Prince of Denmark.

**RED MAN'S AMERICA.** By Ruth M. Underhill. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $5.50. A complete history of Indian culture in the United States from the Stone Age to the present, written by an anthropologist.

**THE ROAD TO ABUNDANCE.** By Dr. Jacob Rosin and Max Eastman. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. The authors tell how the ghost of Malthus can be slain forever by using more and more chemical and synthetic methods of production on all fronts: agriculture, manpower, energy, etc.

**SELECTED LETTERS OF LORD BYRON.** Edited by Jacques Barzun. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75. Professor Barzun knows the Romantics like the back of his own hand, and he gives us here, in addition to a wide selection of Byron's letters, a long essay on that volatile period and the poet's part in shaping it. The newest volume in the fine "Great Letters Series."

**THE SHADOW OF POWER.** By Chingis Guirey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $4. *Impressions of the Soviet mind as* it was seen in action by an American who was a Russian-speaking liaison officer between the U.S. Army and the Red Army in Austria from 1945-47.

**SO NOBLE A CAPTAIN.** By Charles McKew Parr. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $5. A biography of Ferdinand Magellan, the great Portuguese navigator who was the first man to circle this weary globe.

**SOVIET IMPERIALISM:** Its Origins and Tactics. Edited by Waldemar Gurian. Notre Dame, Ind.: University of Notre Dame Press. $3.75. Six essays on the development and meaning of the Russian totalitarian state.

**TEN BURNT OFFERINGS.** By Louis Macniece. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50. Ten long poems which were written during a year spent in Greece, by the well-known English poet and man of letters.

**THREE GREAT IRISHMEN:** Shaw, Yeats, Joyce. By Arland Ussher. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $3. A critical examination of the Great Irish Triumvirate, who, collectively, have probably done more for the English language and letters than anyone since Shakespeare, Jonson, and Donne.

**THROUGH THE GLASS OF SOVIET LITERATURE:** Views of Russian Society. Edited by Ernest J. Simmons. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.50. A book of six essays on Russian imaginative literature from 1917-50 that seeks, through close analysis, to present a picture of what is actually happening in the land of the unruly bear.

**TIC-POLONGA.** By Russ Anderson. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. The unusual experiences of the author are here divided into two separate sections: first, a journey to Ceylon as a gem merchant, complete with some minor chicanery; and second, the recovery of an emerald mine in Colombia, which had fallen into the hands of some avaricious black marketeers.

**THE TIDELANDS OIL CONTROVERSY.** By Ernest R. Bartley. Austin: University of Texas Press. $5. A study of who should have title to the submerged lands off the coasts of the U.S. The author is on the side of the states.

**THE VENGEANCE OF DON MANUEL.** By Bernard Deleuze. Translated by Norman Cameron. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. A novel, told by the youngest member of one of Chile's great colonial families, of the violence and unrest that occurred in that country when Napoleon unseated the Spanish king in the early nineteenth century.

**WOMEN IN THE MODERN WORLD.** By Mirra Komarovsky. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4. The eyes of the world are upon the ladies this season. Here is another long look in the form of an objective social study, which attempts to show the new place—through education, communications, the vote, etc.—woman today *must* find herself in, and suggests how she should adjust to its complications.

—W. B.

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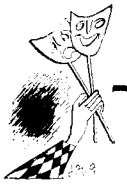


BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

# Operation "Shoestring"

A JUST barely unvanished example of the vanishing American shoestring-producer, Terese Hayden has poured a heaping measure of her energy into the current series of four plays she is presenting at Greenwich Village's Theatre de Lys. Her hope is that at least one of the quartet will prove popular enough to run the rest of the summer, thereby bringing her the solvency required for the mounting of another series in the fall.

The principle behind her project is financially small, but esthetically big. In the commercial theatre, our best actors have long periods in which they are either out of work or are playing a role that has become tiresome after many months of repetition. In addition, there are many talented performers who are ready for Broadway but who may have to wait years before they land a good part. Miss Hayden believes that actors in the above categories will find it to their advantage to work in one or more of her productions, when they can. "The trouble with American actors," she says, "is that they don't have the discipline of daily use of their talents the way a dancer does. This means that they tend to keep on playing themselves, instead of extending their talent to the point where they can give a great variety of performances. You take an actor like Burgess Meredith. Twenty years ago he was just as promising as Laurence Olivier. But since that time, Olivier has had the advantage of constant work in every kind of role from Ancient Greek to colloquial modern, while Meredith has appeared only once in a while, and then usually doing one kind of thing. Olivier has developed and Meredith hasn't."

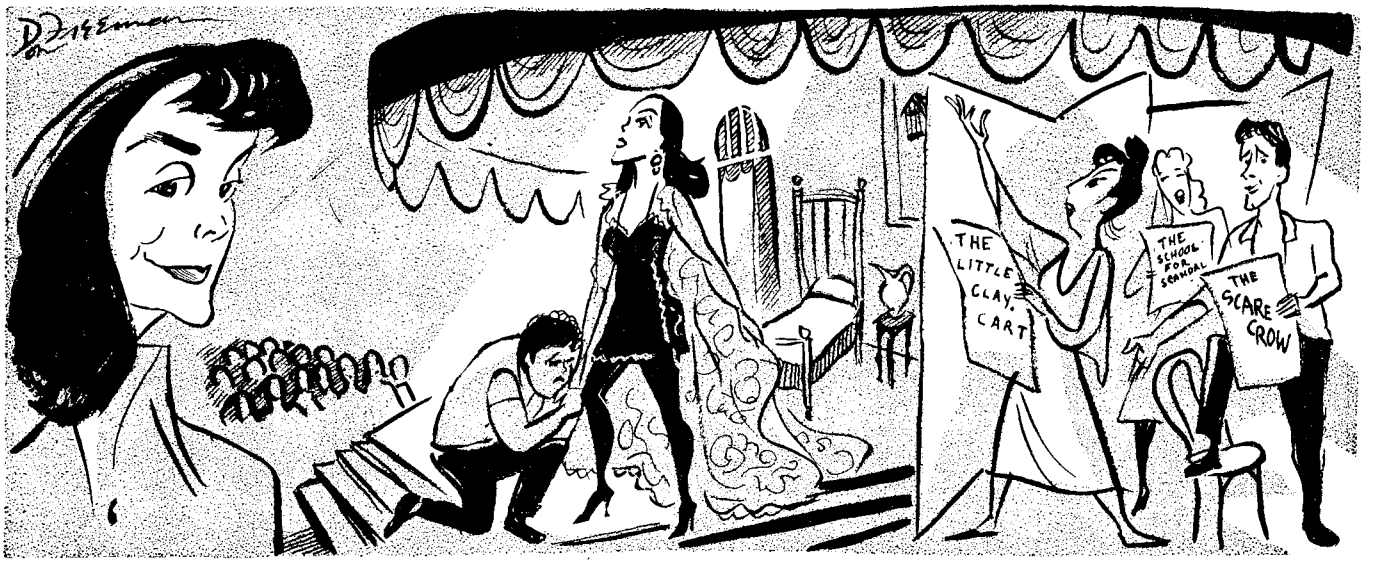
The way Miss Hayden's project would work, present-day young Merediths like Eli Wallach and Patricia Neal would (as these particular two are in this first series) work for $25 a week between engagements in an interesting role in a substantial play. Later, when Mr. Wallach and Miss Neal were tied to a Brodway hit, they might for variety's sake come back and give special matinees.

Because the de Lys capacity is only 299 seats, which limits the possible gross receipts at a $3 top to $4,500 a week, all the theatrical unions have made concessions which will allow Miss Hayden to operate at a weekly budget of $3,000. Her actors have an off-Broadway contract which calls for $5 a week during rehearsal and $25 during performance as compared to $45 and $85 Broadway minimums. She is required to have only two stagehands at the minimum wage of $132 a week. One operates the curtain, and the other the lights. Union officials say, "If the switchboard had been located backstage instead of up in the balcony, we would have let Terry use just one man." Miss Hayden appreciates the union position despite the seemingly high salaries, which they refuse to lower for fear that Broadway producers might use the case as a precedent in their negotiations. Miss Hayden points out, "After all the actors may go on to work eventually for $1,000 a week, but the stagehand knows that he will never earn very much more than what he is making."

Miss Hayden's sympathetic attitude, plus the fact that the unions are convinced that her scheme is not an attempt to circumvent the out-of-town-tryout expenditure that they consider a legitimate part of the producer's bet in the Broadway gamble, have led the other unions to make similar adjustments to help the project. The Box-Office Treasurers Union, which normally requires a treasurer at $120 a week and an assistant treasurer at $95, is only requiring the de Lys to have one man, at a $90 salary. The Musicians Local, which in a Broadway house insists on a minimum of four musicians if music is wanted, is permitting Miss Hayden to have only one at $125 a week, although they are not letting her use any recorded music, as they would if she hired a four-man orchestra. Finally, the press agent is doubling as company manager, and at $125 a week instead of the Broadway $210. True, the rent is a stiff $500 a week, but even the theatre-owner relented to the extent of letting her rehearse there gratis.

If the unions and the landlord are willing to look at her project more sympathetically than they would at a larger and more lucrative enterprise, so perhaps will the audiences. "It should be the same difference," she says, "as between going to the Paramount and the Sutton. Psychologically audiences are prepared to expect something different."

In the case of the de Lys the something different would, according to the blueprint, be that instead of attending an audience-wooing entertainment, the spectator would spend an evening watching fine actors ex-




**Terese Hayden keeps one eye on Helen Craig in "Maya," the other on Sono Osato and Eli Wallach rehearsing at the de Lys.**

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plore new techniques and rich plays with challenging acting problems.

UNFORTUNATELY, Miss Hayden's first production, Simon Gantillon's "Maya," turned out to be something less than an exciting theatre evening. The play itself is a series of sketches about a prostitute, the sum of which indicates that the essence of bedded love is illusion. While it is an honest and perceptive picture, there is no growth, no progress either forwards or backwards, and the author is demonstrating rather than testing his shadowy thesis.

Nevertheless, there is plenty in "Maya" for actors and a director to work with. To his credit Roger Kay achieved a production that was uncluttered and moody. However, the actors seemed to be doing nothing extraordinary or freshly daring. Perhaps this was because of the limitations imposed by a two-week rehearsal period, or perhaps it came from a desire not to risk failing to bring off a fuller objective.

Helen Craig's simple portrayal of the motherly prostitute had dignity but not much fire. Kay Medford managed some Brooklynese humor and pathos as the woman who preferred a steady clientele to a transient trade. Susan Strasberg, as the lovely fifteen-year-old girl about to accept the illusions which would take her from the cradle to the crib, gave a remarkably free and yet intensely sincere performance in her professional debut. As her stagewise father, director Lee Strasberg, modestly put it during intermission, "She doesn't know all the things there are to worry about yet."

Leo Penn played an effective scene as the Norwegian sailor attempting to establish a rapport in broken English. But the two most positive performances were fleeting bits by dancer Sono Osato and Stefan Gierasch. For better or worse, these two were obviously up to something.

William and Jean Eckart's set, built on the premises, was intense, dramatic, full of light, and about the best job since Mielziner's "The Gambler."

Indeed, this production of "Maya" indicated that Miss Hayden has an expertness in this kind of producing, and a pool of fine talent. All she needs now is two things: Courage to stretch a little farther, and an air-conditioning unit that is noiseless enough to operate during the performance, as unfortunately it wasn't on opening night. At latest report the cooling unit had been fixed to blow more passively. Let us hope that the approach to the next three plays will be regulated in the opposite direction.

—HENRY HEWES.


RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"DANGEROUS WHEN WET"
starring
ESTHER WILLIAMS
FERNANDO LAMAS
JACK CARSON
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
DENISE DARCEL
with WILLIAM DEMAREST
DONNA CORCORAN
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Written by DOROTHY KINGSLEY
Music by Arthur Schwartz
Lyrics by Johnny Mercer
Directed by CHARLES WALTERS
Produced by GEORGE WELLS
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"Summer Medley"
Gala new revue produced by Russell Markert . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

STARRING
RICHARD WIDMARK · JEAN PETERS · THELMA RITTER
Produced by JULES SCHERMER · Directed by SAMUEL FULLER
Screen Play by SAMUEL FULLER
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"PENTHOUSE PARTY"

Children under 12 50¢ at all times!
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John McCALLUM
John JUSTIN
Martita HUNT
Alec CLUNES
with Violetta ELVIN
& Sybil THORNDIKE
as Queen VICTORIA
Screenplay by Harry KURNITZ
Produced by S. P. EAGLE
Directed by Lewis MILESTONE
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

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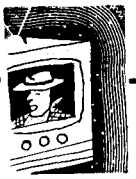

TV AND RADIO

# The Genuine Article

IT must be more than a year now since I began these regular comments on broadcasting for *The Saturday Review*, and as I was shrewd (or cautious) enough not to start with a declaration of principles, I am not likely to be trapped now into either of the pitfalls of looking backward: I will neither apologize for my critical views, since I consider that a professional critic has the obligation to be right the first time, nor will I erect my casual judgments into a system of criticism. I enjoy my freedom too much.

This doesn't mean that, like an impressionistic critic, I let my soul wander among masterpieces and report only its quiverings to the public; anyone who knows radio and television will know that this isn't practical. More and more I am aware of a factor beyond my instant response, of like or dislike, laughter or boredom, excitement or disturbed slumber, as a program proceeds. What I am aware of is *satisfaction*, and it is my fundamental belief that the audience which isn't critical, not being paid to be critical, has also this secondary abiding response. To keep the issue clear, let me identify certain comedians by their prime qualities: the audience laughs at X for sheer animal vitality, at Y because of his mixture of cynicism and sentiment, at Z for physical surprises and puns; these are all legitimate tools, and quite possibly the audience laughs exactly as long and as hard for one as for the others. At the moment of their laughter, the deepest of researchers in depth calls up and asks eleven questions and decides that X or Y or Z is the most popular comic on the air. But the way people express their residual satisfaction, the way X or Y or Z lives in their memory and their affection, is the real test.

I think most of the readers of this weekly will accept comedian A, for Allen, as a good example. There was no lack of the customary stock-in-trade in Mr. Allen's radio shows. The absurd situation, the extravagant character, the pun arrived at after a detour of three minutes; but there was something else, and this something else was above and beyond the better elements as well as the worse—it was an atmosphere, a temperament, a frame of mind, the unique creation of a single human character. For some people, myself included, Jack Benny had it; for some, including myself, Hope and Cantor never did; for some—and here I include myself out, being unable to discuss the matter calmly—Jolson could have had it and was prevented.

You must not imagine for a moment that what I call residual satisfaction is an intellectual abstract; the researchers are after it, as keenly as they are after statistics of listening. Some of them are actually inquiring, after discovering that you listen to Comedian N (for Nobody), whether you genuinely and profoundly love him. All of them want to know whether you remember what he was doing. The image each character creates is what causes us to tune in again the next week.

Some of these images are flat and contourless, but they satisfy a number of people; in the long run, the successful people are genuine and natural, rather than synthetic and imitative, and this, I think, accounts for the popularity of a Berle or a Gleason, whose personalities and techniques are so blatant that it takes genuine talent in providing their material to make them barely acceptable to critical taste, just as it accounts for a superlative Durante, who overcomes some of the worst "ideas" for comedy scenes in such a sheer triumph of individual assertion he makes us believe that the Bill of Rights will survive its present eclipse. You can boil the argument down to a copybook maxim: the genuinely bad comedian is better than the imitative good one.

I think that comedian H, for Hope, is the best illustration of this because he is an in-between man and is good insofar as he follows his nature, which is to be in-between, and is bad when he tries something else not natural to him. In essence he has never stopped doing the old "A funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio" routine, but nobody has given it the rattle and tempo that Hope has developed; it seems to me wearisome beyond words and technically perfect, it is the perfect blending of nature and technique, and people remember, I think, the style of delivery more than the matter delivered.

I AM SAYING that comedians and other artists whom I neither like nor admire can be "right"—that there isn't anything immoral or intellectually contemptible in liking them even if I do not; and this is either magnanimity or weakness in a professional critic. Reading not only my own remarks in these pages, but the works of my colleagues Shayon and Ace, whom I admire no less than myself (that is, this side idolatry) I am constantly impressed by two things: the general harmony of our principles and the diversity of our enthusiasm within the circumference of these principles.

Between us we three give voice to a number of gripes, although we each communicate on the average one satisfaction to one or two dislikes. The broadcasting business cannot say of us what the movie business constantly says of *The New Yorker*, that the critics just hate what they have to observe in order to write their pieces. Speaking now as a critic of critics, I would say we love broadcasting and consequently hate its lower manifestations. We are in the position of moralists, afflicted by the malady of all moralists: we love the best. And it is hard for us to accept the worldly wisdom that the best is the enemy of the good.

In my last report I invoked Gresham's Law, that the counterfeit drives out true coin, and hesitantly endorsed it for entertainment. I would now add that we critics, not only on this magazine but universally, are not prigs. We do not want all the coinage of broadcasting to be solid gold double eagles. They are buried in the limbo of Fort Knox. We don't want all programs to be great. But we want the small change of programs also to be genuine, real copper in pennies and whatever is sound and legal in nickels and dimes. We want only the genuine article, even in the cheap little program we don't particularly care for ourselves. —GILBERT SELDES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

# Ring Around "The Moon Is Blue"

HOLLYWOOD is frequently, at cocktail discussions and such, spoken of as the eternal juvenile—a juvenile delinquent sometimes, at the very least a rather delinquent juvenile. Rarely is it in the nature of these discussions to pursue the reasons. Cataloguing instances is much easier, and far more fun. Adaptations of stage plays and novels offer the choicest game—the changes in characterizations, the cleaned-up dialogue, the inevitable happy ending. The charges are difficult to refute. One can point to a "Julius Caesar," a "Come Back, Little Sheba," yet these are so clearly exceptional cases that they almost prove the rule. But who made this rule in the first place? What contributes to this woeful lack of maturity in so many of our films? Gilbert Seldes has written perceptively about the movie makers' deep-seated delusion that they can produce pictures for everybody from six to sixty, with a norm of age twelve for their average audience. Clearly, such an orientation would preclude many adventures into the rarefied atmosphere of abstract intellectuality (which might not make too exciting a movie anyway). But what keeps the standard of movie entertainment on the moral and intellectual level of "Elsie Dinsmore"? One important answer is to be found in the detailed strictures of the industry's own sacred Production Code.

The Production Code is, in many ways, a unique document. Created with at least the acquiescence of the film industry as far back as 1930, it has been voluntarily accepted as a form of self-imposed censorship by every major studio. Since 1934, pictures conforming to the three general principles and the twelve spelling-out clauses of the Code have been granted a special seal without which none of the large theatre chains, most of them affiliated with the major producing companies, will accept a film for exhibition. Even since the "divorce" of theatres from the production end of the business, a sort of gentlemen's agreement has remained in effect in this regard. The Code, in language that is frequently vague in definition but always clear in intent, aims to see that "correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented." To implement this worthy ideal, scripts are regularly submitted to the Code Administration, the Breen Office, for approval and/or suggestions. It will hardly be news to those attending the movies with any degree of regularity that the producers who subscribe so voluntarily to the Code seem to spend the better part of their waking hours seeing just how close they can come to the letter of the law while still negating its spirit. Some of the scenes in "Sangaree," some of the lines in "South Sea Woman" are two choice examples currently on view. At least one screenwriter has admitted that he knowingly inserts material offensive to the Code authorities as bargaining points for other lines or scenes he wants kept in.

So far, however, the outright challenges to the Production Code have been few. The majors keep a nervous peace, pushing cleavages to the limit but eliminating the "damns" from their scripts, or changing the Reverend Davidson in the forthcoming "Sadie Thompson" to a "Mister" because the Code stipulates that "no film . . . may throw ridicule on any religious faith." The few shabby independents who go in for lurid exposés of the white-slave traffic, burlesque films, and similar adolescent indecencies operate outside the Code entirely: their pictures, as a result, play only the more obscure backstreet houses. And foreign films, of course, also escape the Code: they generally are shown in the small, independent "art" theatres. One notable exception, however—and the first indication of a possible chink in the Code's armor—was "The Bicycle Thief." To achieve wider distribution for that notable film, Joseph Burstyn, its American distributor, applied for a seal. He was informed that he would have to eliminate the scene in which the young hero hastens up an alley to answer the call of nature, and another in which the frantic search for the cycle led through a bordello. Mr. Burstyn refused. The film was shown anyway in many theatres formally pledged to the Code.

Now the Code is about to receive a sterner test. An American film, produced independently but released through United Artists, has just been refused a seal. Certainly, this picture does violate the puritanical spirit of the Code, if not the letter. As a mat-


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ter of fact, its dialogue involves words so alien to the movies—"seduce," "pregnant," "professional virgin"—that no one apparently thought it necessary even to mention them in a list that includes "lousy," "cripes," and "goose (in a vulgar sense)." It is truly startling to hear such language from the screen—startling, even a little shocking. And yet the play from which this film has been adapted, with little alteration of lines or situations, seemed mild enough on the stage where it ran well over two years on Broadway, seventeen months in Chicago, has had a touring national company and another West Coast company, not to mention productions in Germany, Australia, England, France, Italy, and Scandinavia—all with no sign of either moral indignation or moral decline as a result.

The play, of course, is F. Hugh Herbert's "The Moon Is Blue." Mr. Herbert, an old hand at making the most innocent situation sound wicked—his other plays include "Kiss and Tell" and "For Love or Money"—has fashioned a light comedy around the notion that a nice girl might visit the apartment of a strange young man just for a pleasant evening and a good dinner. No one in the play (or, presumably, in the audience) supposes for a moment that her motives are as simple as that. But Patty O'Neill is just as moral as she can be. And so, for that matter, is the play itself.

The peculiar thing about all this is that "The Moon Is Blue" has already passed the New York State Board of Censors as well as the Board in Pennsylvania, reputedly two of the toughest censor groups in the country. Indeed, the New York Board has recently again refused a license to the delightful European comedy "La Ronde" (*SR* Nov. 22, 1952). This is not to suggest that "The Moon Is Blue" is comparable artistically to that little masterpiece. A film, like water, can rise no higher than its source; and Herbert, for all his commercial talents, is no Schnitzler. But the question here at issue is neither one of great art nor even of particularly good taste. It is rather a question of whether American movies are continually to be hamstrung by rules that confine picture themes, picture morals, and picture language to what is deemed fit for children—or for childlike mentalities.

"The Moon Is Blue" is what the trade refers to as "a good, commercial picture." It is amusing, has neat comedy performances by William Holden and David Niven, and introduces an enchanting young actress, Maggie McNamara. And it plays around with SEX. It isn't art, no. But it is the kind of picture that can conceivably lure customers to the box-office; and if that indeed proves to be the case the chances are that even the Code-pledged houses will soon be bidding for it. This "Moon," by its very blueness, may ultimately lead to some revision, some relaxation of the Code's more rigid restrictions. If generally acceptable, it may even force a still greater leeway for those films prepared with an adult audience specifically in mind.

* * *

On Tuesday, June 2, was presented perhaps the most magnificent, surely the most elaborate pageant of our time, the Coronation of Elizabeth II of England. Four days later, through a miracle of organization, coordination, and transportation, a feature-length color film of the ceremony was on the screen of theatres in New York and several other East Coast cities. By the time this appears, hundreds of prints will be on view throughout the United States. What makes **"A Queen Is Crowned"** (U-I) so impressive, however, is less this record-making speed than the record-making quality of this presentation. It has not been hastily slapped together and rushed into the marketplace. It seems to have been planned and shaped with much the same care, the same feeling for ritual and tradition as the ceremony itself. From the opening shots of the sea beating against England's rocky coast to the final sequence of statues heavy with symbol, the film creates about the Coronation the atmosphere of a cultural rather than simply an historical continuity. Hence, although the trappings of its panoply may be alien to us in America, at its core the Coronation answers a need that is universal—an identification with our past, a promise for our future. Because "A Queen Is Crowned" actually does penetrate through to this inner significance of the ceremony, the film itself becomes an affecting and moving experience. Technically, both its color and its coverage of the event are magnificent. More important, however, is the restrained eloquence of Christopher Fry's narration, beautifully read by Sir Laurence Olivier. The simple words, the rich costumes, the golden music wonderfully convey the sense of a tradition so rich that we, seated in a theatre some weeks later, can still feel privileged to share it.

—Arthur Knight.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## THE DEVIL YOU SAY!

Violette Jordan, of Chicago, submits succinct summaries of ten literary productions in each of which Satan (alias Beelzebub, Mephistopheles, Lucifer, Old Nick, *et al.*) is a leading character, up to no good. You are asked to name work and author in every instance, crediting yourself with five points for each correct half-answer, on which basis a tally of sixty will be fair, seventy better, and eighty or higher devilish good. (Free tip: "Paradise Lost" is not on the roster.) Answers on page 38.

1. Having been made Pope for twelve hours, he was tricked into spending the long January night in a perfectly dark and horribly cold dungeon.
2. He not only lost three wagers to a betting Irishman but unwittingly was responsible for the man's success in the insurance business.
3. Perched on the tower of San Salvador, he stretched forth his hand, and the roofs of all the houses disappeared to show what was going on privately in each respective dwelling.
4. He fell in love with Sara and caused the death of her seven husbands, each on his bridal night.
5. At exactly 10 P.M., carrying an extraordinary fishing pole, he alighted on the roof of a church in San Francisco.
6. On a Christmas night, in the guise of the chaplain's young sacristan, he led the reverend father into temptation and made him commit the dreadful sin of gluttony.
7. Routed by a famous American lawyer and orator, he was forced to draw up and sign a document promising never to bother a New Hampshireman till doomsday.
8. Disguised as a pilgrim, he entered a nunnery and both charmed and frustrated the good sisters with his songs of earthly love.
9. He showed this man where Captain Kidd's treasure was buried and then made him set himself up as a usurer in Boston.
10. His host, the victorious hero of Heaven, gave him a furious kick which shot him through space like a cannon ball.

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# Talk with a Peacemaker

*Continued from page 14*

force that must be eliminated. We are the disease; not the doctors.

"But I have faith in the spirit of man. *Moreover, I maintain that if you look deep into the heart of your enemy, there you will see your twin brother.* I have faith in the fact that nothing is static—that people have the capacity to change if only one will give them the opportunity to do so; if only one will have faith in the possibility that man can become more perfect, can improve—no matter who he is and where he happens to live.

"If we concentrate on perfecting our own world in the political, spiritual, and economic spheres; if we can succeed in wiping out colonialism and racial discrimination—as well as all other forms of oppression; if we can cooperate with this in view, then we shall be able to save the world from disaster.

"A third world war in the present atomic context will serve only to wipe out the very values of civilization for which we shall claim to wage it. But I have faith that your new President, Eisenhower, understands the military, psychological, economic, and social realities of Europe to such an extent that he will do everything in his power to avoid war.

"As for myself, I will do everything in my own limited power, always, to help bring out the best that is in everyone—through having faith, and through expressing that faith, in that which is potentially best in man. One must communicate a feeling of belief that others will do their best, not the reverse. Irrespective of one's fears about others, one must transcend them. This is as true with respect to our fears about those attempting to bring about changes in Russia and China, as to others elsewhere. I believe that UNESCO, for example, must help to educate all men, everywhere, to a higher level; to a higher sense of obligation. One must have faith that no situation is unalterable.

"I firmly believe that man will endure and triumph; that the quality of all religions depends upon their power to make men more free, not to fill them with fear and hate; upon the power of their advocacy of love, not hate; of faith, not doubt.

"As for myself, I say what I believe frankly, whether to the Russians or the Western nations. I abhor violence. I believe in the necessity to safeguard the dignity of the individual. I will state these beliefs without fear or favor.

"We must remember that only if the basic causes of Communism can be removed, can its spread be arrested. It cannot be stopped on the battlefield. Against social and economic diseases only social and economic remedies can be utilized.

"In our efforts to save Korea we must not forget that we are in danger of destroying an entire people to vindicate a principle. Is it wrong to do everything possible to further efforts toward peace, when no one wants war?

"I happen to love people. If I am anything, I am a humanist. I am not patriotic in any narrow sense. I am not bothered about where an idea comes from. I do not consider whether an idea is Indian, or has originated elsewhere.

"I am dedicated to democracy, liberty, the integrity of man, peace—everywhere. If what I say offends certain people, and I believe in it, I still must say it. For I do not wish to shrink from the truth, for fear of offending men, to yield to pressure under any circumstances, with respect to human problems."

THE talk shifted to religious beliefs and philosophy in general. Up to now it had been the alleged "pro-Communist" speaking; now it was the supposed "negativist." "If," proclaimed the firm, positive voice, "one must go and die for one's vision, then one must do so. Think of the complaints against what Christ and Buddha said while they lived. Still, they had no choice but to say what they said—even at the risk of death. And then, despite the complaints, think of all the legalistic quibbles that since have evolved in the name of Christianity. This is especially astonishing when one remembers that Christ's teachings were quite simple, dealing with such fundamental doctrines as that the kingdom of God is within

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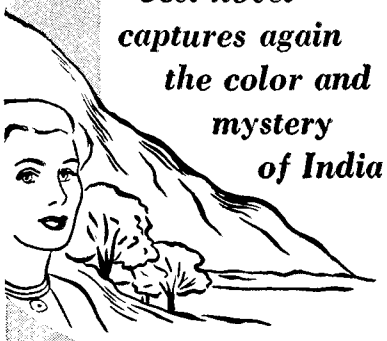

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The Viking Press, New York 17

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by *Eva Le Gallienne*

WITH A QUIET HEART

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one, and that one should love one's neighbor.

"Dogmatism crept into Christianity well after Christ—to defend it against its adversaries. It did not originate with Christ himself.

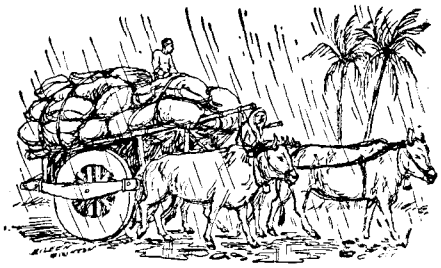
"One never must be dogmatic. One must subordinate dogma and logic to the central mysteries of life. This does not mean one should be negative about life. The mystery of life exceeds anything we can comprehend about it. A total experience is not a particular item of knowledge. To stand in awe of life surely is not to be nihilistic."

I noted that much "Western" writing had tended increasingly to label Indian philosophy as "negative."

"I cannot understand why," said Dr. Radhakrishnan. "Certainly if one thinks of what Buddha symbolized—to take but a single instance—about how he strove diligently to acquire enlightenment, and then to utilize it in behalf of mankind—one finds that he was not at all negative, as is so often claimed. Moreover, the 'Gita'—one of India's most sacred documents—is itself a mandate for action. This also is little understood. Indeed, the greatest Indian thinkers, from the time of the Upanishads to the most modern of prophets, all have been doers as well as contemplators.

"I in no way subscribe to a negativistic philosophy myself. Indeed, I consider it entirely necessary to fight tirelessly against selfishness in all forms; to be partners in a universal suppression of the ego; to submerge ourselves in serving the world; to perform only those acts that will identify the personal with the universal.

"When I consider how we must concentrate on the eternal and universal, an image comes to mind of a dancing woman, who performs with utmost skill. She dances many different dances to many different tunes while her attention is fixed upon the waterpot she carries on her head. Not a drop must fall from the pot as she



dances. So must we behave, reacting to different circumstances as they arise, with our attention fixed upon the perspective of the eternal. This perspective we never must lose.

"I believe there is far too much oversimplification concerning so-called differences between East and West. Often it is claimed that the West is more logical—the East more intuitive. I believe in a blending of the two approaches. I happen to come from the East, but I oppose isolating those qualities generally identified either with East or West. I consider inclusiveness important, not exclusiveness; comprehension, not negation.

"The West supposedly places greater emphasis on thought, the East on religious life—on spiritual experience. The East supposedly is impatient with progress. I deny the latter. Personally, I favor increasingly rapid progress and improvement in social and economic conditions."

I ASKED Dr. Radhakrishnan whether he opposed American economic and technical aid for India. The reply was swift, sure: "On the contrary. I welcome any assistance America may give that will help India achieve the goal of social democracy. There is vast need to speed up our social program, increase employment, obliterate illiteracy, combat disease. If we pour social and economic content into our political democracy and achieve a Welfare State, our effort will be an example to Asia and Africa, and will mean a greater victory for democracy than any military victory possibly could signify.

"I also would like to see India's educated youth enlisted in a vigorous campaign to wipe out illiteracy. The cost would not be great; it would utilize the energies of our young intellectuals most constructively; it would be good for the welfare of the nation as a whole."

How, I asked, did Sir Sarvepalli feel about Western philosophy? "I admire much of it," he replied. "I feel myself most attuned to Platonic ideas, to the philosophy of Royce and William James in America, Bergson and Bradley in Europe. I am not, however, a follower of any particular school of philosophy."

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Demon Pope," by Richard Garnett. 2. "Satan and Sam Shay," by Robert Arthur. 3. "The Devil on Two Sticks," by Alain René le Sage. 4. "The Book of Tobit," in the Old Testament Apocrypha. 5. "The Devil and the Broker," by Bret Harte. 6. "The Three Low Masses," by Alphonse Daudet. 7. "The Devil and Daniel Webster," by Stephen Vincent Benet. 8. "The Devil in a Nunnery," by Francis Oscar Mann. 9. "The Devil and Tom Walker," by Washington Irving. 10. "The Legend of Mont St.-Michel," by Guy de Maupaussant.

# Asia

*Continued from page 17*

and described. He is, however, disturbed, and deeply, by the gulf that appears to separate the American from the Indian ways of meeting the Chinese Communist menace. Boiled down to its essence, Mr. Moraes is saying, if I read him correctly, that not through power groups and war alone, but rather through the success of political and social democracy in India can Communism in Asia be defeated and destroyed. The outcome will depend "less on the West" than on China and India. Indians believe they are in closer touch with the Asian mind than are Americans. What they find difficult to understand "is America's allergy to their country's foreign policy" in which neutrality, no stranger to American history, has played a not inconspicuous role.

Or, to put the matter in other words, Mr. Moraes holds that Asian leadership is essential to the survival of Asian democracy; that this leadership does exist in India even if we in America are slow to appreciate the means it uses to achieve its ends and ours.

The thoughtful reader who ponders on this book will respect its author, but he will also feel that Mr. Moraes overestimates India's capacity to meet the crisis in terms of full leadership.

# Notes

**INDIA, PAKISTAN, AND US:** What is the significance for Americans of India and Pakistan? What importance are we to attach to these two nations' area, population, resources, intellectual capacity, and strategic situation?

Professor W. Norman Brown does not give a definitive answer in his book, **"The United States and India and Pakistan"** (Harvard University Press, $4.50); but he does provide most of the background we need to answer the question for ourselves. His handbook of geographic, historical, political, and economic information is a valuable volume of fact—particularly recent political fact—and of balanced judgment such as few writers on the Indian subcontinent in our times have possessed.

Most of the facts of this book are discouraging. But Professor Brown, a well-known Sanskrit scholar, is able to approach them with his full knowledge of India's illustrious past. The result is his reasonable expectation that "in the future, as in the

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past, the Indian subcontinent will be intellectually creative and will rank with Europe and America in scientific, social, and humanistic accomplishment. It may rival, though not duplicate. the great Western nations."

There is room for disagreement with the author in minor details. *e. g.,* his statements that the joint family system has largely broken down and that gradations in color do not constitute a basis for social discrimination in India today. However, his scrupulously careful attention to innumerable points which others have glossed over or misunderstood makes his work altogether first rate. A thorough index and descriptive appendix of suggested reading increase the book's value.—WILLIAM C. CLIFFORD.

**PEASANT LANDS:** Gandhi's statement that the heart of India is in its villages might well be extended to all of Monsoon Asia. In Europe the rise of cities brought freedom from feudal restrictions; but most of Asia's cities (outside China) are relatively new products of the Victorian Age. Since the Eastern city has neither resisted authoritarianism nor spawned a rising middle class, Monsoon Asia has had a persistent peasant economy. And for the Asian peasant democracy is judged by the economic advances which it can promote. The fight in Asia is "between the Left and the Further Left." The new revised edition of Maurice Zinkin's **"Asia and the West"** (Institute of Pacific Relations, $3.50) buttresses these truths with a wealth of historical detail. Eighty statistical tables make this book a miniature reference work.

The author, a former member of the Indian Civil Service, writes objectively and cogently. His historical parallels are especially suggestive as, for example, when he points out that the Chinese Communists brought order out of anarchy in a situation not unlike that faced by the English Tudors, or when he produces figures to prove that Indian industry stands today where Japan's stood in 1925.

This excellent book vividly presents the case for not allowing the liberalism of Gandhi and Nehru to be discredited by economic failure. Perhaps no other single book on Asia says so much so briefly.

—JOHN TRUEMAN.

# The Criminal Record

*The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction*

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE CORPSE WHO HAD TOO MANY FRIENDS *Hampton Stone* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50) | Amiable NY bank tycoon nosed at clerks' jamboree; Asst. DA Gibson asks questions. | Dialogue too extensive at moments, but yarn moves between quotes. | On plus side |
| ONE NIGHT WITH NORA *Brett Hylliday* (Dodd Mead: $2.50) | Miami Op. Michael Shayne finds strange bedmate, corpses, killers. | Cognac fumes abound, as do stock characters; big holes in this one. | Dime novel |
| THE FRIGHTENED WIFE AND OTHER MURDER STORIES *Mary Roberts Rinehart* (Rinehart: $3) | Quintet of yarns (two long, three short) make up full CARE pkg. for home consumption. | Adroit handling, as always by this expert practitioner. | Good |
| MEET ME AT THE MORGUE *John Ross Macdonald* (Knopf: $2.50) | LA Probation Officer Howie Cross follows through on single snatch, multiple murders. | Folks plausible, writing capable, but chatter occasionally retards action. | Good, save as noted |
| GIVE THE LITTLE CORPSE A GREAT BIG HAND *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.50) | Shady Broadway night-club sprouts show-gal murder; it's up to Insp. Schmidt. | Straightaway killer hunt develops few unusual angles, but pace holds. | Orthodox |
| MURDER MUST WAIT *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.50) | Five Australian babies vanish; one mother slain; Insp. Bonaparte inquires. | Moves briskly at start, but gets involved; lady cop is good. | Mixed show |
| DEATH HAS A SMALL VOICE *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50) | Dictating-machine record gets Pam North in jam; Jerry and Capt. Wiegand scour NY, suburbs. | Loss of novelist-victim's script factor in chase involving lit'ry set. | Neat, with plenty motion |

—SERGEANT CUFF.


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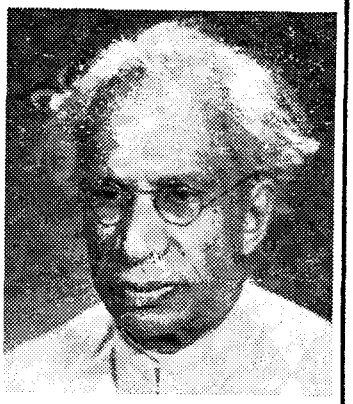

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TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL is just across the road from AVALOCH, a country inn at Lenox, Massachusetts. Opened May 31. Write AVALOCH, Dept. B, Lenox, Massachusetts for illustrated folder. Telephone Lenox 41.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1005

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

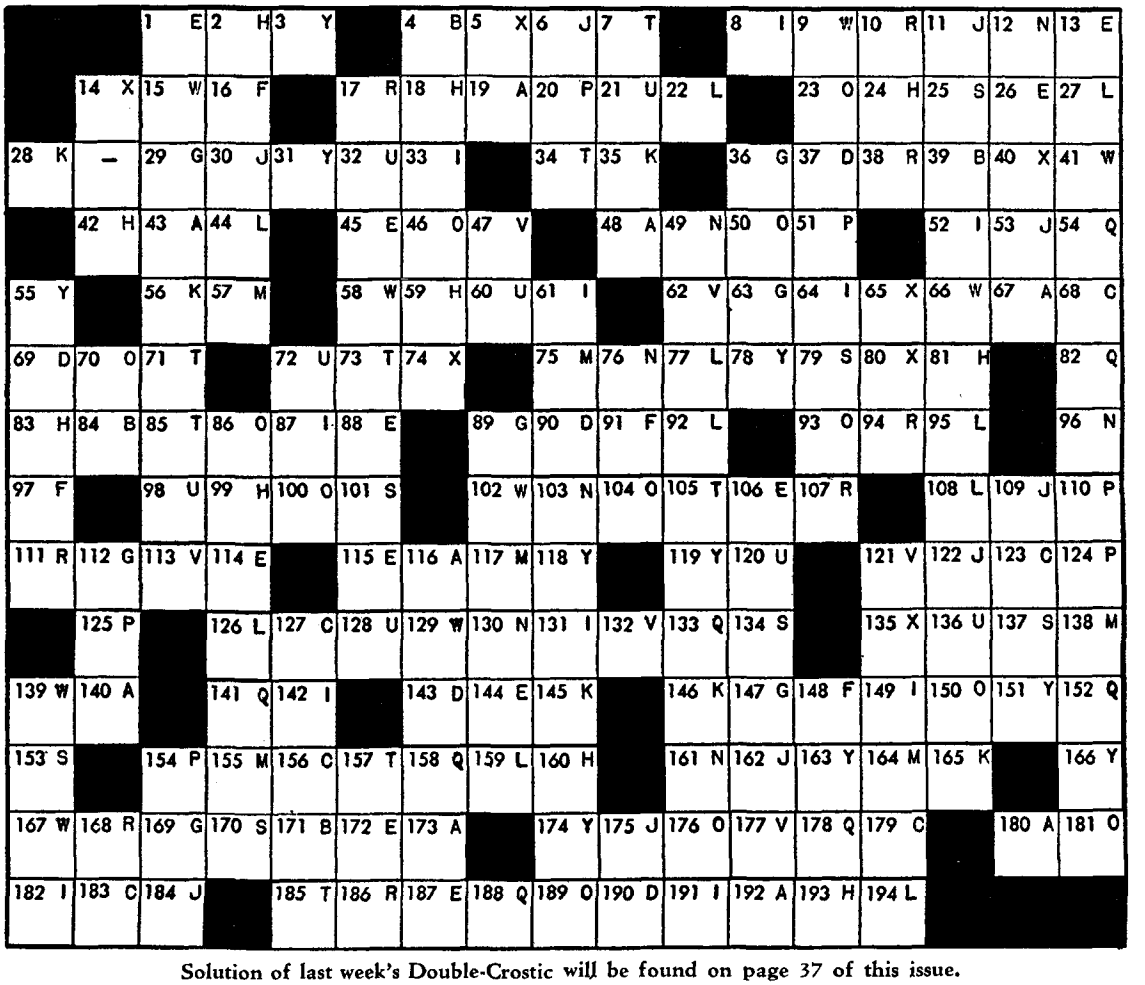
By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Wildly emotional fit. | 43 173 180 48 116 19 192 67 140 |
| B. Most westerly Aleutian island. | 84 4 171 39 |
| C. Commercial product designed to extend the usefulness of a container. | 183 127 123 68 179 156 |
| D. Egyptian scribe of the gods, inventor of numbers. | 143 90 190 69 37 |
| E. Full length mirror of a type found in a boudoir (2 wds.). | 115 144 114 26 1 172 88 187 106 45 13 |
| F. Part of a sail to be taken in or let out to regulate size. | 148 91 16 97 |
| G. Make trial of. | 147 112 89 169 63 29 36 |
| H. Kind of lace of many old-fashioned window curtains. | 193 99 42 83 24 2 160 59 18 81 |
| I. Ancient Greek general, great tactician, studied and emulated by Alexander. | 61 64 149 131 182 191 142 87 33 8 52 |
| J. Dentalgia. | 53 122 11 184 162 30 109 175 6 |
| K. The fish hawk. | 56 35 146 28 165 145 |
| L. Young leaves of a certain root vegetable, usually boiled (2 wds.) | 126 44 92 95 194 22 77 27 159 108 |
| M. Handle hesitatingly. | 164 155 57 75 117 138 |
| N. Rise higher above the ordinary level than something else. | 49 103 161 12 96 130 76 |
| O. Capable of withstanding much rain. | 50 100 104 176 93 150 181 86 70 189 46 23 |
| P. Moslem school attached to a mosque. | 51 110 154 124 125 20 |
| Q. Least. | 178 158 133 141 188 54 82 152 |
| R. City on Atlantic, entrance to Bay of Fundy. | 107 186 10 168 38 94 111 17 |
| S. Western extremity of Isle of Wight, with several spirelike rocks (with "the"). | 170 137 134 79 25 101 153 |
| T. En route (3 wds.). | 185 85 157 73 7 105 34 71 |
| U. Special set of organ pipes, usually like orchestral instruments in sound (2 wds.). | 120 32 60 128 98 72 21 136 |
| V. Sports writers' name for the Illinois football team. | 177 113 121 62 47 132 |
| W. Piece of material formerly much used in the kitchen, nowadays largely replaced by a small mop. | 139 66 102 15 9 129 167 58 41 |
| X. Relating to the soul. | 40 5 80 135 14 65 74 |
| Y. Disciple of Pythagoras who jumped into crater of Mt. Etna (5th century B.C.). | 151 166 55 163 3 119 31 118 78 174 |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.*

*Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*




Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 37 of this issue.



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# SR RECORDINGS SECTION

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# With Mike and Tape in Europe

By JAMES FASSETT

*The SR's summer-long coverage of festivals in Europe and America is initiated this month by James Fassett, creator of the taped reports heard weekly on the CBS network.*

NO WAITER had appeared during the quarter of an hour I had been seated at one of the tables in front of Donay's on the Via Veneto. The American fellow at my elbow suggested that all the waiters might have been swept away by the endless procession on the sidewalk, moving slowly down past Rome's elegant Hotel Excelsior. The remark, of course, served as an opening wedge to conversation, the usual topics in Italy—Rome, the elections, noise of the scooters, good restaurants. I found myself telling him about the Festival of the Crickets I had attended in Florence, La Festa al Grillo, started on Ascension Day by Lorenzo the Magnificent and continued over the centuries as the day when Florentines gather in the park to buy their crickets in little wire cages. The custom, I remarked, was a relic of the pagan rites in worship of fecundity of Spring. My new acquaintance looked at me, paused for a moment, and said: "You know, your voice and your manner of speaking are very familiar to me. You're not by any chance Jim Fassett, whom I hear on the radio, are you?" It turned out that he had written me a letter a year or so ago, asking what kind of recording equipment I carried around on my European treks. He had heard most of the broadcasts recorded in Holland, Great Britain, and the Scandinavian countries, and he found the quality of sound in every country uniformly good.

Over the years, I have received only a handful of inquiries about the recording facilities used on these music programs; the attention of most listeners is focussed on program content rather than on quality of sound. But I am sure if the quality were inferior or uneven, most listeners would notice it readily enough, and many would register their irritation by writing me about it.

I feel rather certain that the general radio public listening on Sunday afternoons to these CBS Radio broadcasts recorded in European countries visualizes me traipsing around the Continent with the recording apparatus slung over my shoulder, and with microphone in hand ready at a moment's notice to record a street song in Naples, a column of bagpipers in Edinburgh, or a symphony concert in Zurich. Actually, I travel with no recording equipment at all. Radio stations in most of the countries in Western Europe have excellent recording machines, either tapes or discs, and these have always been made available to me along with competent technicians to operate them.

The intent, of course, is to make the listener unaware of the technical aspects of a broadcast and to sustain the illusion of smooth, continuous mobility, no matter how widely separated territories may be visited in the course of a one-and-a-half-hour broadcast. In Sweden, for instance, we traveled up into the Leksand region to record the fabulous Dalecarlian fiddlers, thirty or forty of them improvising, as they have for generations when they play at country folk dances; but later in the same program we attended the annual musical play at Visby on the island of Gotland, the site of an important and flourishing community in the days of the old Hanseatic League. Recording the first event required a four-hour train trip from Stockholm; the other a fifty-minute plane flight. But for both the obliging Radiotjänst provided tape recording equipment, amplifier, speakers, and a highly trained technician. Both recordings were integrated into a single broadcast of uniform quality.

We sailed up the Thames with a disc recording outfit supplied by the BBC. We had hired a launch and proposed to follow the exact route taken by King George the First and his royal party on the occasion of the first playing of Handel's "Water Music." Sir Malcolm Sargent and I sat in grand

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| Beethoven: Sonata No. 29 in B-Flat Major, Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier"). (Orchestrated by Weingartner). | Felix Weingartner conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. ML 4675. | An historical first — prized by collectors |
| Handel: Concerto Grosso No. 5 in D Major.<br>Handel: Concerto Grosso No. 6 in G Minor. | Felix Weingartner conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.<br>Felix Weingartner conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. ML 4676. | Superb Weingartner performances of delightful Handel |
| Haydn: Concerto in D Major For 'Cello and Orchestra.<br>Schubert: Sonata in A Minor ("Arpeggione"). | Emanuel Feuermann, 'cello, with the Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.<br>Emanuel Feuermann, 'cello, and Gerald Moore, piano. ML 4677. | One of the greatest 'cellists in recorded history, recaptured forever on Lp |
| Beethoven: Sonata No. 3 in A Major, Op. 69.<br>Beethoven: Seven Variations in B Flat on "Bei Mannern" from Mozart's "The Magic Flute."<br>Reger: Suite in G Major for Unaccompanied 'Cello. | Emanuel Feuermann, 'cello, and Myra Hess, piano.<br>Emanuel Feuermann, 'cello, and Theo Van Der Pas, piano.<br>Emanuel Feuermann, 'cello. ML 4678. | Legendary chamber music performances |
| Bloch: Concerto For Violin and Orchestra.<br>Bloch: Baal Shem (Three Pictures of Chassidic Life). | Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Charles Munch conducting the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris.<br>Joseph Szigeti, violin, and Andor Farkas, piano. ML 4679. | Outstanding musical performances of significant modern works |
| Wagner: Siegfried's Rhine Journey and Siegfried's Funeral March ("Die Götterdämmerung"), Prelude To Act III (Tristan Und Isolde"), Introduction To Act III ("Tannhauser").<br>Wagner: Siegfried Idyll. | Felix Weingartner conducting the Orchestra de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris.<br>Felix Weingartner conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. ML 4680. | Immortal interpretations by a Wagner master |
| Bartók: Contrasts For Violin, Clarinet and Piano.<br>Bartók: Rhapsody No. 1<br>Bartók: Portrait. | Béla Bartók, piano, Joseph Szigeti, violin, and Benny Goodman, clarinet.<br>Joseph Szigeti, violin, and Béla Bartók, piano.<br>Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Constant Lambert conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra. ML 2213. | Authoritative performances by the composer and associates |
| **JUNE RELEASES:** | | |
| Prokofiev: Symphony No. 7.<br>Prokofiev: Lieutenant Kijé Suite. | Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra.<br>Efrem Kurtz conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. ML 4683. | World Premiere recording in Hi-Fi, plus a Prokofiev favorite |
| Liszt: Concerto No. 1 in E-Flat Major and Hungarian Fantasy in E Minor on Folk Tunes. | Claudio Arrau, piano, with The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. ML 4665. | Liszt Played to Perfection |
| Shostakovitch: Ballet Russe and Tchaikovsky: Serenade Mélancolique and the "Andante" from Symphony No. 1 in G Minor. | Efrem Kurtz conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. ML 4671. | Satiric, melodious and Hi-Fi |
| Ravel: Quartet in F Major and Debussy: Quartet in G Minor | The Budapest String Quartet. ML 4668. | Coupling of the Best Loved Quartets |
| Mozart: Sonata in D Major and Sonata in B-Flat Major. | Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, piano four hands. ML 4667. | Mozart Four-handed Magic |
| Schönberg: A Survivor from Warsaw and Kol Nidre.<br>Second Chamber Symphony. | Hans Swarowsky conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Academie Chamber Chorus, Hans Jaray, narrator. Herbert Häfner, Vienna Symphony Orch. ML 4664. | Among Schönberg's Greatest |
| Rhapsodies for Piano and Orchestra. | Morton Gould at the piano and conducting his Orchestra. ML 4657. | Favorites arranged by Morton Gould |
| Deep River: (A collection of American folk songs and ballads): Deep River, Water Boy, Mah Lindy Lou, Without A Song, Dusty Road, Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair. | William Warfield, baritone, with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Lehman Engel. AL 32. | America's Great Baritone in Songs Loved by All |

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but rather wet solitude on the upper deck, making verbal notes of the landmarks, modern and ancient, as we traveled them from Charing Cross Bridge to Battersea Park, terminal of the royal voyage two centuries ago. Sir Malcolm's witticisms, meanwhile, were being recorded down below in the protected lower deck where the English technician had installed his equipment. By a pre-arranged signal, Sir Malcolm and I would stop our conversation at whatever point, every four and a half minutes while the technician below hastily removed from his machine the disc on which we had been recording and replaced it with a pristine platter. Such a method, admittedly, was not conducive to an easy flow of descriptive phrases and spontaneous wit, but Sir Malcolm seemed to mind much less than I did, and the results, as those of you who heard it can testify, did full justice to Sir Malcolm's sparkling volubility. I was more concerned than the technician that the motion of the craft would upset the recording. It didn't, and the forty-five minutes on discs were instantly transferred onto tape back in New York City and appropriately cut and edited for broadcast.

James Fassett (right) and the American conductor Thomas Schippers buy a cricket in Florence.

DISC recording in an automobile is a different story. Moray McLaren and I traversed the streets of Edinburgh, starting high on the Castle Rock, descending down the Royal Mile through the old town across Princes Street, up George and back by the Caledonia, to make the ascent again in time for the colorful Tattoo in the Castle courtyard. But there was no recording in transit. We stopped at a dozen points, at each of which my Scottish companion would hold forth on the historic, military, literary, or esthetic merits of the scenes just passed, but always as though we were passing them as he spoke. It was a simple task, back in the tape editing room in New York, to dub in a steady flow of street noises, so the listener felt he was accompanying us on a continuous and uninterrupted tour of the Scottish city.

Recording in Finland presents difficulties. To be sure, the Finnish Radio use tape instead of discs, but their recording machines are of prewar, German make, and the tape itself of inferior quality. The condition—at least the condition of two years ago, when I was there last—is no fault of the Finns. They simply can't afford to replace their outmoded equipment with modern machines. Their methods of cutting and editing tape are primitive, and the results, by our standards, appallingly bad. But, here again, the Finns themselves can't be blamed. They lack trained technicians. Young men are scarce in Finland. As an executive at the Finnish Radio explained it to me, the youth of each generation has been killed off by one invasion after another, so the country whose total population is only four million should normally be many times that number. It may be that when I return to Helsinki to record the 1953 Sibelius Festival conditions will be changed so far as the Finnish recording equipment and methods are concerned.

THE most difficult task of all in the course of the European recording excursions is to accommodate oneself to the temperament and the working habits of those on whose efficiency and judgment one must necessarily rely. Inevitably, on these trips, I am working against time. The programs this year have to be recorded, edited, compiled, and shipped to New York long in advance of the broadcast date. Unforeseen delays and complications can and do upset the timetable, sometimes to a frightening degree, but the frustrations of needless delays are what tear at the nerves of the time-conscious American radio man. Sometimes you succumb to their mode of living and of working—and of not working.

Let me tell you of just one instance that happened recently in Florence. Somehow or other in the course of eight days, what had seemed like a hopeless maze of difficulties had somehow or other unravelled itself; performances of the Maggio Musicale were recorded on tape, and the tapes were carefully locked away in one of the filing cabinets at Radio Italiana (RAI) in Florence. They had been recorded for *me*, for *my* program. The tapes *existed* for me and for no one else, but they were locked in one of the offices at RAI when I went to pick them up at the appointed time—four o'clock on a Friday afternoon (you could not call for them earlier, because no one would be around—siesta time from one to four, or one to five, and everybody at home sleeping). The tapes had to be in my possession on Friday, because I was taking an early train for Rome on Saturday. And I had to be in Rome on Saturday to dictate the script to an American stenographer. The script had to be recorded, compiled with the taped musical performances, etc., in time for shipment to New York on Monday. It was a tight schedule but it could be done—*if* I had the tapes in the first place. They were at RAI, locked in a cabinet. The one man authorized to hand the tapes to me (we can call him Maestro Zabaglioni—*all* radio people are Maestri in Italy, and even I was so addressed: Maestro Fassetto, Maestro Giacomo Fassetto)—I say the one man permitted by RAI to relinquish the tapes was to do so in his office at four o'clock on Friday. He had departed a few moments before-

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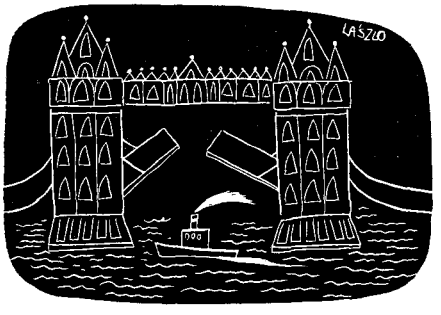
# LONDON RECORDS

hand, so his secretary advised me, for a cocktail party. No, he would not return, but he did plan to attend a concert at the Teatro della Pergola that evening. I consequently decided to attend the concert too, if only for the purpose of explaining my predicament to Maestro Zabaglioni. I arrived forty-five minutes early to be sure to catch him as he entered the theatre. But he did not come. Maybe he was delayed at the cocktail party. I would look for him during intermission. But during the pause, no Zabaglioni. Maybe he stayed in his seat; I would spot him leaving the theatre after the concert. But as the last taxi or carriage or ponycart pulled away from the portico of the Teatro della Pergola—no Zabaglioni. Maybe he had returned to his office after all, later. As it was, it was worth a try. So off to the office which was still open, it developed, but Zabaglioni's was not one of them. However, he would be there the first thing in the morning, at nine o'clock, the attendant assured me. Well, that was good enough, I thought, in a desperate effort to comfort myself. I would call at the office for the tapes at nine, in plenty of time to catch the ten o'clock train for Rome. To be on the safe side, I arrived at Maestro Zabaglioni's locked door at 8:30 a.m. The first half-hour of watiting was to be expected. The next fifteen minutes were no serious delay—I could still make the train.

After 9:30 I began composing telegrams to the stenographer in Rome and to the others with whom I had appointments there; "sorry—delay—will take a later train—arriving at 5:00 instead of 2:00, etc., etc." At 9:45 a.m. Maestro Zabaglioni's secretary put in her morning appearance, smiling amiably and revealing as a piece of information of little importance that the Maestro would not be in until 11.30 this morning. He was at church. Nothing to do. I killed an hour and a quarter drinking coffee in the Piazza della Republica and returned to RAI at promptly 11:29:30. The secretary was still there, and smiling, but Maestro Zabaglioni had telephoned he would not be in today. He was taking his children to the Festival of the Crickets in the Cascine Park. *I* went to the Festival of the Crickets too, not to see Maestro Zabaglioni but to see the crickets; and I bought one, and I won a goldfish by throwing a pingpong ball in a goldfish bowl, and I ate pasta, and I had a wonderful time. And the Maggio Musicale still got on the air, somehow—I guess.




CHOICE of musical content of all the programs is, of course, left entirely to my discretion, and a frightening responsibility it is, and sometimes a thankless one. I know from years of experience that standard programs interest the largest listening audience, and maintain it. But how can I, with integrity, bow to the demands of mass consumption by offering exactly the same musical fare that listeners can have with a twist of the dial on any recorded program or on any local station in the country? To be sure, the Vienna Philharmonic at Salzburg this season will be performing Mozart's symphonies and Weber overtures and Schumann and Brahms and Tchaikovsky. And some of these works will assuredly be included on the broadcast programs. But the visitors to Salzburg will also be hearing Haydn's "Creation" and Messner's "Stabat Mater," Handel's "Judas Maccabeus" and the Mozart Requiem. And the world premiere of Gottfried von Einem's opera "Der Prozess" will be given at the Festspielhaus. Surely I would be remiss in my responsibility to the significant minority of music listeners in America if I were to bypass entirely performances which give the festivals their distinctive and distinguished character, though naturally timing restrictions on an hour-and-a-half program prevent the musical content from being as representative and as varied as I should like it to be.

So the mass audience gets its Brahms and its Beethoven symphonies (which never hurt anybody) but it also is exposed to music from Prokofiev's opera "War and Peace" in its first hearing outside Russia; to music by Norwegian composers never heard before in America; to works by some of the younger Finnish composers, and the Dutch and Italian. And this exposure won't hurt them either. Surely, the music festivals of Europe are international in character; but they are not uniform in character. If they were, they could not continue, nor should they. And it's precisely the individual characteristics, the unique elements, the atmosphere, the local color of the festivals and of the countries where they take place, that I try to convey in some measure both in the content of the festival broadcasts and in the manner of their presentation.

# Festivals—U.S.A.

Now in progress: Robin Hood Dell, Philadelphia, Pa. The Robin Hood Dell Orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy, Erich Leinsdorf, Antal Dorati, etc. Free concerts.

Now in progress: Lewisohn Stadium, New York City. The Stadium Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein, Pierre Monteux, etc., with celebrity soloists.

June 27—August 1: Central City, Colo. Opera Festival alternating "Carmen" and "Merry Wives of Windsor" (both in English). Participants include Mildred Miller, Theodore Uppmann, Heide Kral, Lucine Amara.

July 1—August 30: Aspen Festival, at Aspen, Colo. Joseph Rosenstock is music director, with concerts of chamber music and orchestral works on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week.

July 3—September 5: Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival. Lee, Mass. National Ballet Company of Canada will appear from August 4 through 8.

July 3—August 15: Red Rocks Festival, Red Rocks Park, Colo. Saul Caston conducting orchestral programs on Friday evenings and Sunday afternoons.

July 5—August 15: Berkshire Music Festival, Tanglewood, Mass. Charles Munch, Pierre Monteux, Leonard Bernstein, etc., conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

July 14—September 10: Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles, Calif. Bruno Walter conducts the opening concert with Margaret Harshaw, soprano.

July 18—September 4: Chatauqua Institution, Chatauqua, N. Y. Twenty-four symphony concerts conducted by Walter Hendl. Solo recitals on July 11 and August 29 by Risë Stevens and Richard Tucker.

July 20-26: Carmel Bach Festival, Carmel, Calif. Gastone Usici is conductor of four programs including instrumental and choral works of various composers, culminating with "St. Matthew" Passion on July 26.

July 21—August 25: San Diego, Calif. Robert Shaw conducting six symphony concerts on Tuesday evenings.

July 26—August 30: Cincinnati Zoo Opera, Cincinnati, O. Fausto Cleva is musical director.

August 6-7: Fredericksburg, Va. Edgar Schenkman is director of four programs presented by the Summer School of Music of Mary Washington College (University of Virginia).

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# Django's Last Chorus

By Duncan MacDougald, Jr.

*Duncan MacDougald, Jr. is a musicologist who has written extensively on both classical music and jazz.*

THERE will be many and eloquent tributes to the master guitarist Django Reinhardt, whose death of a sudden stroke in a hospital in Fountainbleau was reported on May 16. None, however, can be as poignantly true as the remark made by a tough Brooklyn colleague who broke the news to a disbelieving acquaintance of mine. After exchanging tributes to his art, the latter said: "By the way, what did he die of—too much liquor?" (For the record, Django was a moderate in this respect.) The guitarist shook his head and answered, "No, not too much liquor," adding sadly, "Too much music."

At forty-three, Django's art, so fantastic and unique (two adjectives that apply to almost everything he did and played), was without sign of any impairment. One can justify the "fantastic" only by reference to his numerous recordings. Certainly his art is "unique" because it represents a fusion of elements found in no other jazz virtuoso. A true gypsy, he was born in a crowded trailer in Belgium, growing up to play excellent though conventional gypsy music on both the violin and guitar. The conversion came at nineteen, when he stumbled on a Louis Armstrong record of "Dallas Blues" while rummaging through the junk heaps of the Orléans "flea market."

Armstrong led to Ellington. In a relatively short time, Django astonished his listeners by proving himself one of the relatively few white musicians to master the spirit and essence of hot jazz. Jazz conveyed to him a profound rhythmic feeling which Django tempered and refined in the glow of gypsy music, with its flights of fantasy and pulsating emotionalism. In time were added an endless spectrum of almost imperceptible but eloquent nuances from his Gallic heritage.

The mere fact that Django created the music he did is enough to fill the listener with wonderment: that he achieved his dazzling style in spite of a severe burn which deprived him of full use of the fourth and fifth fingers of his left hand makes us marvel all the more at his art. For he was, of course, a technician whose Paganini-like articulation merited such words as "supernatural" and "awe-inspiring." But with his prodigious dexterity went an eloquence and emotion rarely encountered in any save the rarest jazz spirits (Armstrong, Ellington, Beiderbecke, Bigard, the exponents of the blues, perhaps).

As his discographers emphasize, this "emotionalism" is the essence of his style. More than any other jazz artist, this "offspring of the air" (in Cocteau's felicitous phrase) was a man of moods, of an infinity of moods, both a poet and a dramatist of his instrument who gave to everything he played an individual, a unique coloring.

I have heard him lash out chords in "St. Louis Blues" fierce in impact, almost brutal in intensity. And in the next number I have heard him spin a pianissimo of unbelievable delicacy. In "Sweet Georgia Brown" he is deliciously whimsical, while in "Chasing Shadows" he has tuned his guitar so low it sounds as though he were gravely playing the bass fiddle.

ONCE during a recording I was sitting in the control room when Django, perched jauntily on a high chair, smiling as always, his whole body swaying in time with the rhythms he was creating, ended the side with a shower of glittering sound. The engineer shook his head in disgust and said: "That Django! He's nuts! Here we are trying to cut a master when he goes and plays a different number!" But of course it was not a different number: Django's melodic invention was so prodigious that, much in the manner of Liszt's encores, each chorus was so fresh and original that it sounded like another composition.

He could also change his style within a chorus—a kind of improvisation within improvisation. I have heard him play the first chorus of a number mockingly, as though making fun of some amateur guitarist. He would then whip out the first eight bars of the next chorus with chords that crackled in the air, rhapsodize the next sixteen as though painting musical clouds, and finish off the last eight bars in the gay tread of a *bourrée*.

Perhaps the best example of his genius is the story of "Improvisation." In 1937 HMV signed him to record, but when the time came for the session, Django couldn't decide what to play. "Just improvise something," the critic Charles Delaunay told him, "it will turn out fine." Django thought for a moment, brusquely told the engineer to get ready and asked Hugues Panassié to watch the time. Perched on the high stool, he nodded to the control room, and began weaving a shimmering web of tone, each phrase more beautiful than the last. With twenty seconds to go, Panassié signaled to Django, who continued his improvisation to the final second, playing the very last note of his new composition exactly as the record ended.

—*Bill Gottlieb.*

**Django Reinhardt—"a shimmering web."**

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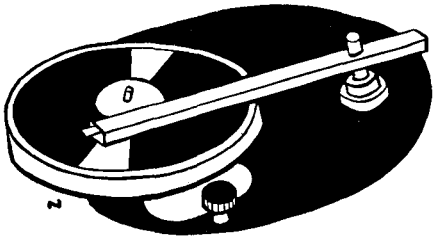
# "Médée"

THE "Médée" of Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1634?-1704), dating from 1693, was the first important opera produced in Paris after death had removed from the scene in 1687 the magnificent, competition-chilling presence of Lully. This remarkably "Lullyan" work has been excerpted for presentation on LP by a vocal and instrumental ensemble directed by Nadia Boulanger (Decca DL 9678, $5.85). Instead of the prologue and five acts —and therefore instead of a logically understandable presentation of Thomas Corneille's version of Euripides and of Charpentier's score—Mme. Boulanger gives us a collection of high spots. Because they have her imprimatur it is certain that they are presented in appropriate style. The recording is clear and well balanced.

This well-intentioned performance, however, raises insistent questions. Why are historically and musically rewarding early works so often presented on LP recording only in edited, excerpted, rearranged, or otherwise unfaithful versions? Why are they so often sung by singers whom we would loudly decry in a recording of "Carmen" or "Tosca"? Specifically, do we get a true version of Charpentier's "Médée" from a group of singers whose voices are not beautiful, but who constantly suggest some Continental equivalent of "white" English oratorio singing? What might this recording have been if Mme. Boulanger had been directing singers whose vocal endowments and estate matched her musical mastery? It would have been performed music far more alive and much more likely to win Charpentier the friends he deserves. Vocally speaking, this sounds like a typical conservatory exhumation. And that is sad for, even so treated, Charpentier's "Médée" imposes itself as worthy of the very best that beautiful voices could bring to it.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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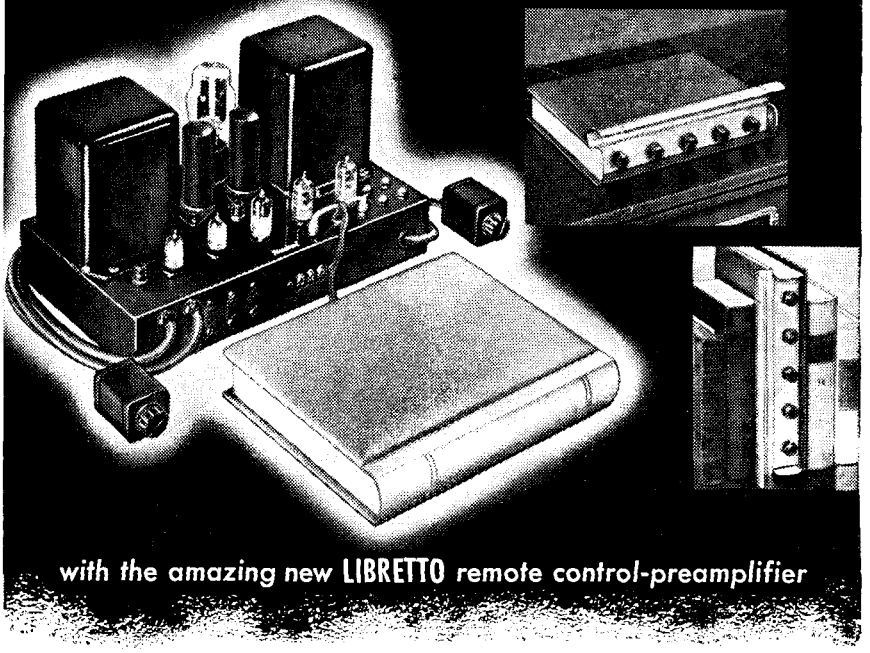

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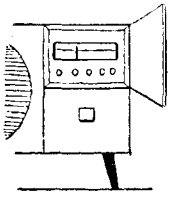

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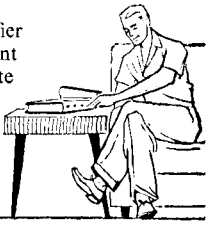

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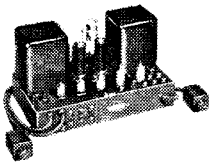

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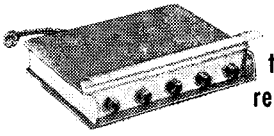

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# From Africa to Noel Coward

By Wilder Hobson

ANY phonograph addict with a syncopated disposition could comfort himself a long time on the goods I propose to urge today.

In the ethnic realm there is the remarkable LP called "African Coast Rhythms: Tribal and Folk Music of West Africa" (Riverside RLP 4001). This is a cornucopia of twenty-one souvenirs from French Guinea, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, and Liberia, recorded and edited by Arthur S. Alberts. He is the American consul in Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, and, transparently, no dilettante in musical matters concerning the Dark Continent. A controversy steams in certain quarters as to the amount of influence of Africa on hot jazz, and I will simply say here that the whole gamut of New Orleans and Caribbean rhythms is suggested in this highly exciting disc. Further, as Melville Herskovits's note points out, in the common opinion "the role of the drums has come to be emphasized to the relative neglect of the gongs, rattles, gourds, iron wands, stringed instruments, boards, and other objects that are struck, plucked, rubbed, shaken, beaten, and stroked, to say nothing of the hands that are clapped and the feet that stamp out the beat."

The late André Gide, who made a high assessment of African rhythmic genius, would have reveled in this collection. And rhythm is not all. Some of the magic may be suggested by simple quotation. Thus, on Band 14 you will find "Mossi Emperor's Court Music . . . The Moro Naba is Emperor of six million Mossi; these recordings were made at his palace at Ouagadougou . . . the eastern Arabic influence is perhaps clearest in the violin music, performed on a kind of 'rebec' . . . and in the forced vibrato of the singer. The stately beat of the court drummers is also rare in West African rhythm, and probably represents the drumming of 'praise names.' Background noise on this band is due to the not-unusual weather conditions at the time of recording—temperature: 130° F.; humidity almost nil." On Band 17 there are Soudanese minstrels delicately intoning a lovely thing called "Doubajabija," which means "nostalgia," and which is "sometimes punctuated by the sound of the player's ring against the calabash." On Band 21 is a Fanti Jamboree. "The Fanti are a seagoing fishing tribe who cover great distances in their small dugout sailing canoes in search of food and trade. They were recorded on Marshall, a small island just off Liberia, far from their Gold Coast home. They were celebrating, with the aid of local firewater, an especially good catch." In the immortal words of my friend Nelson D. Hooe of Boston, stand back and pass the fowling piece to Arthur.

Some excellent jazz numbers: a "Gazelle" that really jumps, the modern-style composition of Bill Russo, beautifully played by the highly unusual combination of Art Salt, alto saxophone; Bob Cooper, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Giuffre, baritone saxophone; Bob Enevoldsen, valve trombone; Marty Paich, piano; Curtis Counce, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums (Contemporary C353). On the other side these Californians play "You and the Night and the Music," and their sophisticated business may also be heard in two compositions of Shorty Rogers, "La Mucura" and "Mallets" (Contemporary C354). Teddy Wilson, that ineffable, crystalline pianist, has done "Tea for Two" and "The One I Love" with Buddy Rich, drums, and John Simmons, bass, and they are of course models of elegance (Mercury 89043).

The powerhouse trumpeter Roy Eldridge delivers himself of a rugged blues in "Dale's Wail," with some tidal chording on the organ by Oscar Peterson and the superb drumming of Jo Jones (Mercury 89056). Lester Young's breathy and inventive saxophone occurs with Peterson's piano in "I Can't Get Started" and "On the Sunny Side of the Street" (Mercury 89045), and Nacio Herb Brown's grand old tune "Paradise" is rendered, and not torn apart, by a small combination featuring Gene Krupa at the drums, Charlie Shavers, trumpet, and Teddy Wilson, piano (Mercury 89057).

This is quite a month for the memory book contingent. "The Roaring Twenties" is a vintage assembly of the work of the California Ramblers, which included such stars as Red Nichols, trumpet; Tommy Dorsey, trombone; Jimmy Dorsey, alto saxophone; and Adrian Rollini, bass saxophone. The titles in this LP give the cue: "Charleston," "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue," "Miss Annabelle Lee," "Clap Hands Here Comes Charley," "Manhattan," "The Flapper Wife," "Keep Smiling at Trouble," and "Sweet Man." This playing sounds rather vo-do-de-o today, not to mention boop-boop-a-doop, but it is history, and a lively chapter at that. Many gaffers of my age will treasure the disc if only for the deep cascading of Rollini's bass (Riverside RLP 1008). Another LP, "Rediscovered Fats Waller Solos," contains recordings of eight piano rolls made by the late professor when he was a very young man, *circa* 1923. The rolls have been lovingly rendered by a pianola master, J. Lawrence Cook, and the illusion of human performance is almost, but not quite achieved. On the other hand, modesty should compel me to admit that if I had not *known* these were piano rolls, I might have been fooled. There is plenty of Wallerian zest, machinery or no machinery (Riverside RLP 1010). Finally, we have an LP of "Noel Coward Favorites" by Paul Britten and his orchestra (M-G-M E195). The numbers are "A Room with a View," "Dearest Love," "Poor Little Rich Girl," "I'll See You Again," "Someday I'll Find You," "Zigeuner," "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," and "Matelot." It will be evident that the composer is very thoroughly represented. The manner is rather diaphanous, or Kostelanetz, suggesting a stroll to the perfumer's. That is certainly one way to approach Coward. He is no man to bear down on with a brass section. But I would have preferred a simpler romantic style, in the vein, say, of the John Green orchestra that used to accompany Fred Astaire. Give me a few economical strings and reeds, a spare piano, and a relentless throbbing from the back row.

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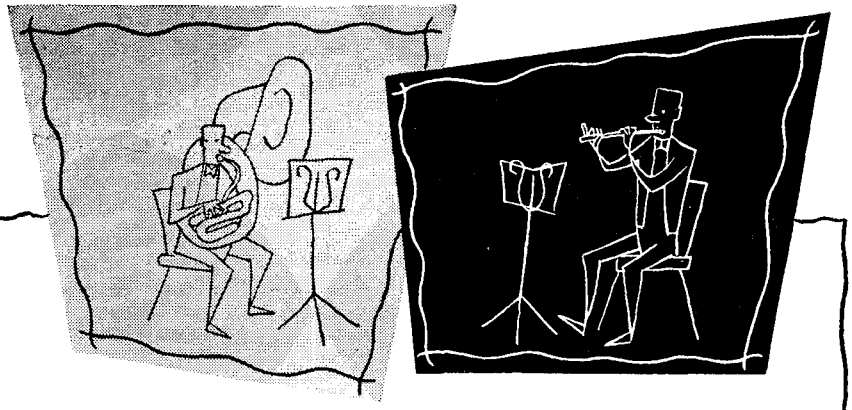
## Style, but No Man

DEBUSSY: *"Rhapsody." Jules de Vries, saxophone, with Erich Kloss conducting the Frankenland Orchestra. "Fantasy." Helmut Schultes, piano, with the same orchestra and conductor.* (Lyrichord LL 38, $5.95.) *Sonata (G minor). Jean Fournier, violin, with Ginette Doyen, piano. Sonata (D minor). Antonio Janigro, cello, with Doyen. Sonata for flute, viola, and harp. Camille Wanausek, flute, Erich Weiss, viola, and Hans Jellinek, harp.* (Westminster WL 5207, $5.95.)

THOUGH it is common consent that "The style is the man," no one has contrived an expression to explain what disappears when we have all the evidences of a familiar style, but no man. Soul? Heart? "Inspiration?" Perhaps some part of each, though there are some Debussy devotees so devoted that they will enthuse even about the violin sonata, weak piece that it is. Here it is relatively well played by Fournier, as the slightly stronger cello sonata is by Janigro. However, the much more individual trio lacks the delicacy and color sense it can use mightily. Wanausek, Weiss, and Jellinek are all able performers, but this music is so much a matter of "style" that the absence of it takes away about its last remaining cause for attention.

As between the "Rhapsody," which Debussy wrote unwillingly for an American customer and never disowned, and the "Fantasy" of 1890, which the twenty-eight-year-old idealist wrote for himself and suppressed after a trial rehearsal, the interest is decidedly with the latter. Its echoes of Franck are absorbing, but even more the anticipation, in the "Finale," of ideas which finally came to fruition in the "Nocturnes" for orchestra. It was, indeed, dissatisfaction with this finale which is sometimes given as Debussy's undisclosed reason for putting it aside. Through the whole work, however, runs a bright thread of idea, certainly not of the individuality of the major works, but sufficient to entitle the score to an occasional performance. This performance is of more than "occasional" quality, persuasive enough to give the verve and fantasy of the score easy access to the attention. Clean sound, not as resonant as it might be. —I. K.

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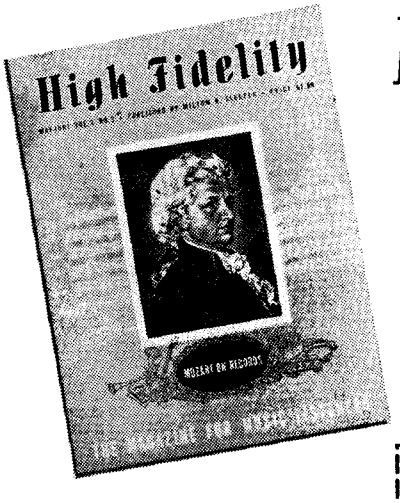


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# Opera in Paris

By Paul Jaretzki

IN postwar years, Parisian visitors have consistently told of poor standards of opera production in the French capital. And, judging from a visit there in 1951, these reports were reasonably justified, particularly at the Opéra itself. However, a change of administration took place shortly afterwards; Maurice Lehmann became administrative director of the Réunion des Théâtres Lyriques Nationaux (the governing body of Paris's two opera houses, the Théâtre National de l'Opéra and the Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique). Since then many careless production details (erratic curtain risings, faulty lighting cues, etc.) have happily disappeared, although waving scenery is still a disturbing feature. Several excellent new productions have been mounted, and the level of singing is much improved.

One does find in Paris a peculiar lack of taste. The Comique's delicious production of "Falstaff," for instance, was spoiled during the Fugue Finale when, following a quick change of scenery, the principals were pushed to the very rear of the set and an energetic but inappropriate ballet took over the action. The same company's un-Italianate representation of "Le Barbier de Séville" hits rock bottom with its childish slapstick antics, not to mention the "innovation": an introduction to Act III, consisting of a reprise from the Figaro-Almaviva duet which closes the first act.

In evaluating the French voice, one must reckon with its special timbre. Most of the women emit those sharp penetrating sounds which become particularly hard and piercing at the top. The tenor tone is wide open, and the baritone's dry. Notwithstanding, there are several attractive voices in Paris. The celebrated Geori Boué is a gifted singing actress with a strong but typically sharp voice. There are some good tenors but most of them are short in the upper register. One striking exception is Raoul Jobin (well-known in New York), whose fine vocalism in the title role of Werther was climaxed by his ringing high notes. Among the low register voices, the baritone Jean Borthayre (featured in the recordings of "Lakmé" and "Les Pêcheurs des Perles") stands out. The warmth, style, and flexibility of his singing was ideally suited to the roles of Dappertutto, Germont, and Tonio.

Unquestionably, it is in the realm of conducting and staging that the Paris Opéra finds its main source of strength. Two men, George Sebastian and André Cluytens, are among Europe's finer orchestral leaders. Sebastian, though favoring extremely brisk tempi, is a master of his craft. Under his direction a group of undistinguished soloists in "Così fan Tutte" furnished an impeccable ensemble responding to his every command. Cluytens demonstrates time and again a remarkable dexterity, reaping the utmost from his forces, be it the passion of "Werther," the sparkle of "Falstaff," the mysteries of "Pelléas," or the bounce and humor of Reynaldo Hahn's amusing "Ciboulette."

Staging, particularly at the Opéra, runs the gamut from A to Z. On the debit side are a dull "Roméo" and a miserable "Faust" which appear as ancient as the Opéra itself. One can hardly believe that the same company could produce such eye-filling spectacles as Honegger's "Jeanne au Bûcher," or the much-heralded revival of Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes." Certainly "Les Indes" furnishes a thrilling stage picture with no less than three hundred and fourteen people who sing, dance, and super on a busy stage that at one point (Act III—"Les Fleurs") extends some 150 feet from the footlights to the rear of the set. Cast with a dozen or so of the company's most prominent singers, and sumptuously costumed, the production features many exciting stage details, such as the sinking of ships during a raging storm, an erupting volcano, the descent of L'Amour in a cloud-like contraption, disappearing trees, the fragrance of roses filling the theatre during the ballet of the flowers. All this is climaxed with a brilliant Chaconne-Finale choreographed by Serge Lifar.

At the Comique the "Falstaff," staged by the veteran baritone Louis Musy, and the "Così" are delightfully conceived; several of the older productions, such as the "Manon," are quite agreeable, while others, like "Carmen" and "Pagliacci," are definitely below par.

With their ability to present such excellent productions as "Les Indes" and "Falstaff," there is no reason why the Paris Opéra and the Comique should not in years to come approach the eminence which was once reputedly theirs.

—*Photo-Lipnitzki.*

**"Les Indes Galantes" at the Opéra—"a thrilling stage picture."**

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# Hear! Hear!

By R. D. Darrell

FLAG-WAVERS for stereophonic (or binaural) sound reproduction seem to have overlooked so far one of the happiest features of their rapidly developing two-channel technique: neither name may be semantically accurate, but at least neither involves the implications that becloud the popular term for wide-range single-channel audio. I often feel that one of the great barriers to a general acceptance of so-called High Fidelity is the phrase itself, and that perhaps the most striking testimony to the persuasiveness of good sound is the success with which it is doggedly surmounting that handicap. Yet even today there must be countless listeners who still shrink from investing in improved sound systems, less because of the comparatively moderate expense entailed than the common delusion that H-F can be appreciated only by some special kind of highly acute or "golden" ears.

Actually, of course, the appeal of good sound is predominantly dramatic and depends in astonishingly small part on one's ability to pass an audiometry test with flying colors. Yet the golden-ear fallacy persists stubbornly, thanks in part, I'm afraid, to the excessive emphasis most audio propagandists put on expanded frequency spectra at the expense of such more readily comprehensible virtues as enhanced naturalness, clarity, and "presence"—the features concentrated on almost exclusively by the shrewder (or luckier) promoters of binaural/stereophonic sound.

Partly to atone for my own sins in this respect, and partly to encourage listeners who erroneously believe—or fear—that they possess no better than tin (or perhaps silver-plate) ears, I'd like to pass on what strikes me as sensationally good news about the relationship between one's ears and mind in musical, or indeed any listening, experience. It's hardly spot news, for its source is a very learned paper, "Information and the Human Ear," contributed by Dr. Homer Jacobson to the *Journal of the Acoustical Society of America* almost two years ago. But considering its seemingly abstruse nature, it's perhaps hardly surprising that its import so far seems to have escaped the notice of the general public.

Primarily Dr. Jacobson's study is an application of the quite recently developed "information theory" to analyses of the informational capacities of the human ear and of various recording media. Using the theory's basic counter, the binary unit, or "bit," and what seem to the layman like monstrously complex calculations, Dr. Jacobson finally emerges from his heavy sea of equations and graphs with some unmistakably plain numerical estimates. The informational capacity of the human ear for random sound is around 8,000 bits per second (10,000 for loud sound—which incidentally may explain musicians' and engineers' predilection for high loudness levels!), but the "aural appreciation

(*Continued on page* 65)


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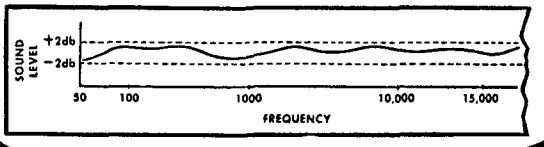


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# The Music-Maker of Cremona

By Herbert Weinstock

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI of Cremona (1567-1643) is represented on recently released LP's by three of his major works. Taken together, these recordings permit the formation of an opinion in cross-section of a powerful creator of musical manners. The earliest of the three works was heard when Monteverdi was forty, the latest of them when he was seventy-five. They proclaim a composer of bold imagination whose enduring fertility can make us think of Giuseppe Verdi.

"Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda" (1607), though sometimes referred to as an opera, is in reality a dramatic madrigal for three singers accompanied by instrumental ensemble. It is the locus classicus of what Monteverdi called the "stile concitato," the technique he had elaborated for the expression of wrathful or violent texts. Its novelties included string tremolo and sharply defined rhythmic repetitions. The story, from Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," tells of the Christian knight Tancred who fought with another supposed knight, only to discover too late that his mortally wounded opponent was in reality his Saracen sweetheart, Clorinda. Besides the two protagonists, Monteverdi made use of a narrator to set the scene and relate details of the action. The moving and musically intense drama-in-small is marked by not unattractive archaic stiffness.

The recording of "Il Combattimento" (Colosseum CLPS 1014, $5.95) has the Orchestra di Maestri of La Scala, singers identified only as Ribacchi, Rapisardi, and Carlin, and the conducting of Nino Sanzogno. It offers good engineering, mediocre voices, sensitive employment of instruments, and somewhat overenergetic conducting. On the second side the record has the Concerto No. 2 in D minor for oboe and string orchestra by Tomasso Albinoni (1674-1745).

Three years later than "Il Combattimento" came Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Vergine," a semi-liturgical work of rich magnificence, well described in Hans F. Redlich's excellent album notes as "a grandiose attempt to fill the traditional forms of the old antiphonal psalms and hymns with the new spirit of the dramatic interpretation of the text, of operatic monody and instrumental music." For this recording (Vox PL 7902, $5.95) the Vesper has been artfully "edited," but is incomplete. The performance is entirely in the proper spirit. Much of the singing, both of the soloists and of the Swabian Choral Singers, is superb, and the playing of the Stuttgart Bach Orchestra under Hans Grischkat is discreet and beautifully blended. Latin text and English translation are supplied. Everything is present here for two LPs'-worth of high enjoyment, including recording and engineering suitable to the music in hand.

Eight sections from the same Vesper are performed on one "bargain-price" LP (University of Illinois School of Music CRS 1, $2.75) by the University of Illinois Symphony Orchestra, Oratorio Society, and assisting artists, all under the hands of Leopold Stokowski. The instrumentation and performance are brilliant—too brilliant, and at the cost of some falsification of Monteverdi. Monteverdi-Stokowski has attractions of its own, however, and the recording is excellent. The envelope carries good notes by John Bryden, as well as the Latin text and English translation. Unluckily, the excellence of the much more nearly complete Vox recording is so notable as to diminish the value of this orchestrally brilliant but vocally unsatisfactory version.

Monteverdi was seventy-five when his towering operatic *chef-d'oeuvre*, "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," was sung at Venice in 1642. In a judiciously edited "compact presentation for a modern audience" (Concert Hall Society CHS 1184, $5.95), Walter Goehr conducts the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra, chorus, and soloists ranging from adequate to excellent. This semi-historical and strikingly unmoral tale of the triumph of evil over good, of lust over love, is drama with a vengeance. It courses with arresting vitality through the transports of the infatuated Nero and Poppea, the frivolities of the page Valletto, the Polonius-like mouthings of Seneca, and the heartbreaks of Octavia and Ottone. The literature of opera contains little to surpass in kind many of the Nero-Poppea scenes, the nurse Arnalta's lullaby to Poppea ("Oblivion soave," magnificently sung by Margarete Wilde-Waldbauer), or the skittish frivolity of Valletto's tripping discovery of puppy love ("Sento un Certo, no se che").

"L'Incoronazione di Poppea" in this recorded version fills a noticeable lacuna in the phonographic treatment of opera. It is provided with really useful notes, the complete Italian text of Francesco Busenello, and an English translation. More than a century before Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" and less than half a century after the first Florentine operatic experiments, Monteverdi had proved by this great masterpiece that opera need not remain a melange of ill-assorted techniques, but was a form capable of splendid development and the widest human relevance.

Walter Goehr—"a judiciously edited presentation."

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# A Lesson in Style

THREE new vocal recital recordings may be taken to illustrate the meaning of the word style. It is a big word and a promiscuous one, but used without a qualifying adjective it is usually applied to the interpretation of the classics—that is music written before 1800. The two singers under present consideration provide a few lights and shades of meaning.

The first recital is offered by Kathleen Ferrier, who sings a program of Bach and Handel arias (London LL 688, $5.95). It has been said that every British contralto is a born Handel specialist, and Miss Ferrier is nothing if not British. Two familiar "Messiah" arias—"O thou that tellest" and "He was despised"—are given with impressive breadth; voluminous, pulsating tone, and tremendous sincerity. The prayer from "Samson" is hardly less noble; "Father of heaven" from "Judas Maccabaeus" if anything more so. It may be that conductor Sir Adrian Boult should be held responsible for the failure of the Bach side to come off as well, despite Miss Ferrier's technical achievement. That she can sustain "Qui sedes" at all at so languid a tempo is a feat in itself, but she never so much as breaks a phrase; "Agnus Dei" is also very slow. "Grief for sin" from the "St. Matthew Passion" is better timed, but "All is fulfilled" from "St. John" loses weight by being sung too fast. Sir Adrian occasionally allows some strange things to happen in the orchestra.

The other two recitals are both by Gérard Souzay. The first is called "Classical Arias" (London LS 730, $4.95) and the second sports the fanciful title "Canzone scordate"—forgotten songs—perhaps provided by Arne Dørumsgaard, whose arrangements are used (London LL 731, $5.95).

Mr. Souzay has been fortunate in his recordings, for his rather slender voice reproduces exceptionally well, and the microphone is responsive to his type of art. Being French, it is not surprising that his best work is in Lully, Gluck, and Rameau arias, and they are well worth the price of the first record. Charon's air from Lully's "Alceste" is nicely balanced between the seriousness of that gentleman's occupation and the humor of his demanding pay for the ferry ride across the Styx. An air from "Cadmus et Hermione" is done with fine legato, and the two little airs from Gluck's "Les pélerins de Mecque" are altogether charming. But in Italian Souzay's voice lacks the hard core and the sustained curve demanded by Mozart's concert aria "Mentre ti lascio, o figlia," and here he is taxed very nearly to his physical limits.

The Dørumsgaard program makes no such demands on him, but in these Italian and German pieces his tone remains quite stubbornly French. This disc has a jacket note by the arranger, in which an attempt is made to cover the entire history of song in a few easy paragraphs, but which provides no more identification for the twelve pieces on the first side than "Seven Italian monodies" and "Five Alessandro Scarlatti songs." Some investigation established the identity of the Scarlatti numbers (at least two of which are hardly forgotten songs), and I have been able to trace all but three of the monodies to Peri, Calestani, Caccini, and Sigismondo d'India. I wonder who but a specialist will buy so anonymous a record?

To consider a final aspect of style, Dørumsgaard's accompaniments (played by Jacqueline Bonneau) are frankly in the modern pianistic tradition, and Robert Cornman's orchestra on the other disc does not court the musicologists.

—PHILIP L. MILLER.

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# Recordings in Review

## A Health for Van Beinum

SCHUBERT: *Symphony in C minor (No. 4, "Tragic"). Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.* (London LL 736, $5.95.)

PERHAPS this recognition is belated, but it is no less *à propos* to note the productive return to activity of Eduard van Beinum, the gifted director of the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Had the expressed intentions materialized, Van Beinum would have come to this country as the guest of the Philadelphia Orchestra many, many months ago—indeed, two years ago. The hopeful expectation now is that he will not only fulfil guest engagements in this country next season, but also lead a tour of his great orchestra soon afterwards.

There was, of course, an illness to contend with—of a mysterious sort never identified—before Van Beinum could resume work as we had known it in scores ranging from Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" and Bartók's "Concerto for Orchestra" to Haydn's "Surprise" and Mahler's Symphony No. 4. But the vigor and poetry conveyed in this playing of Schubert (also in the Brahms repertory noted on page 58) makes clear enough that Van Beinum is himself again and another voice is to be reckoned with where the important orchestra literature is concerned. London's reproduction is broad, full, and powerful, also attentive to the varied dynamics offered to the microphone.

## Villa-Lobos "Novelty"

VILLA-LOBOS: *"Cirandas." Joseph Battista, pianist.* (MGM E3020, $4.85.)

THE pitifully little that we know of the output of Heitor Villa-Lobos is sharply emphasized by the appearance of this set of piano pieces played with animation by Joseph Battista. For all the familiarity they convey—or the relationship one can establish between them and the known works of Villa-Lobos—they might have been written yesterday, or last year. Actually, the suite dates from 1926, and if this is no more than what the label modestly asserts—the "first recording on long-playing records"—trace of any previous issue is uncommonly elusive.

The series numbers sixteen short pieces, each based on a Brazilian folksong, each with the text appended. However, Villa-Lobos has done so much in the way of commentary, coloration, and elaboration in his own style that the original line sounds to the unindoctrinated ear as no more than a point of departure. The text is not a major factor, either, for each section stands as a little vignette on its own, without too much need for such support.

Battista's good repute is sustained by this performance (prepared with the encouragement and advice of the composer). One hears a suggestion now and then of Debussy and Mussorgsky, but the total effect, harmonically, contrapuntally, coloristically, is wholly Villa-Lobos's own. And decidedly good. Admirable piano sound is an advantage.

## Economy "Ninth"

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the chorus of the Musikfreunde, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Elisabeth Höngen, contralto, Julius Patzak, tenor, and Hans Hotter, basso. Symphony No. 8. Same orchestra and conductor.* (Entree Set EL 51, $6.16.)

SAY that this is none too brilliant reproduction of a rather ponderous performance, with a degree of resonance that often hangs like a cloud over the next measure; say that Hotter is a quavery basso and the chorus sometimes overpowering for the amount of tone produced by the orchestra. But it must also be said that this is the cheapest Ninth ever produced by a major conductor and orchestra, and that it represents a degree of artistic conscience rarely matched in such economy goods, especially in the playing of the wonderful instrumental ensemble. (It dates from about 1947.)

The Ninth, of course, is a dub from 78-rpm originals, a fact sometimes betrayed in a slight air break between "sides" of the original; but I doubt that this will be distressing to anyone who rates his investment in terms of numbers of records for a price expended, rather than in ultimate quality. The Eighth is, actually, a well-disciplined, even-paced performance which shows the orchestra for the excellent thing it is. Less reverberation here, thanks to more manageable instrumentation. Altogether there seems to me a valid place for this kind of goods in the phonographic market, and Columbia has expended considerable technical skill in putting the best possible face on the matter.

## Pittsburgh Festival, '52

BLOCH: *"Concerto Grosso."* SCHUMAN: *"Symphony for Strings." William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (Capitol S-8212, $5.72.)

CAPITOL's enterprise in taping the whole of the first International Contemporary Music Festival at Pittsburgh last November has yielded at least this dividend for the record buyer with, no doubt, more to come. Conceived in the first instance as a means for providing non-commercial distribution to colleges, conservatories, etc., of the broad range of music performed during the week, this powerful, well-sounding disc proves that a tape recorder can make the non-commercial commercial, as well as vice versa.

In one sense, there is no evidence that an audience was present as the music was played (one thin cough during the Schuman "Symphony" alone betrays it); but, in another, it is all around the spirited playing of the Bloch, in particular. The recurrence of this work in the record literature spanning a score of years is ample proof of its durability: but no previous performance has given it so much richness of feeling nor revealed so well just how soundly it is constructed. As a long time advocate of "actual performance" recording whenever possible, I find the excitement and atmosphere of this reproduction a source of more than usual phonographic pleasure.

Schuman's piece for string orchestra —"symphony" seems a little grandiose title for it—also has its revelation: a slow movement of expressive mood

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ınd expansive character, beautifully ;et for strings. However, the first novement is another kind of bird, vith too much fuss and feathers in its agged outlines, insufficient musical neat on the structural bones. Nor loes the finale seem to me a more han wilful striving for an effect that 'oes not come off. Here, too, the play- ng has a liveness that rewards the :onsiderable effort expended.

## Prokofiev's Seventh

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 7 (Opus 131). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. "Lt. Kijé" Suite. Efrem Kurtz conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4683, $5.45.)

ONE of the abiding consolations of critical writing is the awareness hat no judgment need be final, no evaluation without subject to review. With every "This I Believe" goes (in he reasonable critic's mind) the unspoken "As of now." Quite possibly he objective evaluation of this last vork of Prokofiev's symphonic series —written during the last year of the ife that ended in March 1953—will )e different when the subjective attiudes have diminished. It may seem ess trammeled than it did originally, reer, more spirited.

Indeed, I'd say that this recording ends in all of these directions, in erms of the impression it made at its irst New York performance in April. For one thing, the second listening is n a different frame from the first: he limitations of aspiration have been :learly defined, the expectations dis:iplined. At the same time, it seems :lear that conductor Ormandy has a )roader, more appropriate sense of he whole score than he did a little :arlier in Carnegie Hall.

On the esthetic side, the rehearing —in one of the most sumptuous-:ounding recordings Columbia has yet :ontrived—attests rather clearly that Prokofiev intended to write a work of )opular appeal, and succeeded singularly well, with the surging melodic )hrases of the first movement, the appealing curves of the waltz, the :easonably expressive slow movement. However, it is undoubtedly the finale, with its carefree patterns unexpectedly leading back to the much more idealistic phrases of the opening, that makes one wonder: What is Prokofiev trying to tell us? Is this allusion meant to indicate that the first movement represents the kind of work he wanted to write, the finale the kind his thought-police expected him to write?

Columbia's contribution to the dilemma is a paragraph of elucidation from, of all places, *Pravda*! Have we become so bankrupt of purpose, as well as funds, as to rely on Russian sources for the "key" to a work so fundamentally political in coloration? Or is Columbia determined to find the most commercial "quotes" available, regardless of source?

—*Sovfoto.*

Prokofiev—"carefree patterns leading back to the much more idealistic phrases."

This unfortunate *contretemps* aside, there can be nothing but praise for the tense, accurate execution by the Philadelphia virtuosi, the insistent command of Ormandy. Power and justice are equally evident in the reproduction, which mounts to a formidable climax in the waltz, with its vibrant tympani, sonorous brass, and supercharged strings.

The accompanying "Lt. Kijé" is notable first of all for some expert playing by the Royal Philharmonic, a righteous work of transcription by the engineers, and an occasionally deft, more often easygoing, direction by Kurtz. The conception is inferior to those of Koussevitzky or Scherchen, the arrangement of sound without the justice of the latter. In other words, good fill, no lead.

## Orchestral "Hammerklavier"

BEETHOVEN-WEINGARTNER: *Sonata in B flat (Opus 106). Kurt Graunke conducting the Bavarian Symphony Orchestra.* (Urania 7089, $5.95.)

THE lingering impression left by Weingartner's own recording of his transcription (it has long been unavailable, but is scheduled for LP issue soon) has enshrined it in memory as the way this work should be heard, especially after listening to the six current piano versions of the work consecutively [*SR* June 20]. However, this is such a limited likeness of Weingartner's effort that no judgment on the enduring suitability of that arrangement could be based on it.

Graunke seems to have been responsible, at most, for a dim-sounding tape, which has been stepped up for rather ludicrous climaxes in some mechanical manner not related to a musical purpose. His notion of the opposing tendencies in the first movement is deplorably sentimental, in a style which would not be worth discussing at all were not the material so desirable to have, and so hard to come by. On the whole, Graunke verges closest on success in the slow movement—which is broken half-way through!

## More from Messager

MESSAGER: *"Veronique." Martha Angelici, Michel Roux, etc., with Jules Gressier conducting.* (VOX PL 21100, $5.95.)

NO one who knows the likable record of "Petite, Dinde, ah, quel outrage" from this score by Maggie Teyte or its more recent counterpart by Jennie Tourel will need to be urged to investigate "Veronique" at the greater length of two LP sides. For that matter, the well-mannered "Monsieur Beaucaire" from the same source (PL 20300, $5.95) has done all the necessary spade work on behalf of Messager. Perhaps these issues will create a new demand for the original.

As in the adaptation of the Tarkington novel, a sparkling contribution is made by the talented Martha Angelici, the Lady Mary Carlisle of that issue, who is the Veronique here. There are no duplications of personnel otherwise, save that the lively leadership is again attributable to Jules Gressier, who may be other things as well, but is unquestionably a Messager specialist. This means that he recognizes the difference between whipped cream and mashed potatoes, and that the generally similar way of preparing them has to be modified in terms of the ingredients.

On the whole, this is perhaps a shade less varied and interesting a score than "Beaucaire" but the difference of values is slight. Indeed, it might well be that the lack of an adequate libretto or sufficient text to carry us through the unfamiliar action is the primary deficiency. The recording, per se, is thoroughly satisfactory.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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# Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Beethoven: "Abscheulicher" ("Fidelio"). Christel Goltz, soprano, with orchestra directed by Robert Heger. Decca 4058. $2.50. | Goltz does not belie her reputation as a singer of powerful dramatic impulse and uneven vocal endowment in these unquestionably dramatic, certainly uneven, performances ("Ozean, du Ungeheuer!" from Weber's "Oberon" is the second and better of the two sides). Heger's direction is authoritative, but his horns have a hard time in the Beethoven. Excellent sound. |
| Beethoven: "Egmont" Overture and seven excerpts. Ferdinand Leitner conducting the Württemberg State Orchestra, with Lore Wissmann, soprano. Decca DL 7540, $3.85. | Excellent choice of repertory, though the conductor cannot compete with a Weingartner or Walter in the overture, and the sound is thinner than is considered acceptable today. Both the soprano and narrator Paul Hartmann are well qualified for their tasks. Two of the nine sections are omitted. |
| Beethoven: "Septet in E flat" (Opus 20). Cherubini: Symphony in D minor. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1745, $5.72. | Toscanini's questionable practice of playing this work with a complete orchestra rather than the number of players specified by the composer is further blemished by overwrought tempi and accents for a work of this geniality. However, the Cherubini is another matter altogether: a work of power and individuality given every opportunity to emerge from the obscurity which has been too long its lot. Strongly defined, well-balanced recording. |
| Brahms: "Vier ernste Gesänge." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Hertha Klust, piano. Decca DL 9668, $5.85. | For any vocal performance to take precedence over mention of a second side containing Beethoven's "An die ferne Geliebte" in the classic performance of Heinrich Schlusnus is to mark it as exceptional. That, in truth, Fischer-Dieskau's Brahms is. He does not command the ideal tonal richness to match a Kipnis, for example, but depth of feeling, plasticity of phrasing, and enunciation of text are molded into an imposing whole by superior control. The sound here is excellent; that of the Schlusnus (Peschko is the pianist) relatively less good. |
| Brahms: "Variations on a Theme by Haydn"; "Academic Festival" and "Tragic" Overtures. Eduard van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. London LL 735, $5.95. | Broadly sonorous, beautifully balanced recordings of performances in strong, straightforward tradition. The details of the variations are not organized with the care practised by Toscanini, but a richly satisfying likeness of Brahms is worked out by Van Beinum in his own way. The brass chorales of the "Academic Festival" are given particular effect in the performance and its reproduction. |
| Chopin: Preludes Nos. 11-24 (Opus 28); Three Scherzi. Benno Moïseiwitsch, piano. Bluebird LBC 1038, $3.10. | In this melange, the first ten preludes of the twenty-four are omitted, likewise No. 2 of the four Scherzi. However, for those desiring a cross-section of Moïseiwitsch at Chopin will find it here in excellent order and at a decided economy. As performances *per se*, they tempt by always promising to be better than they are; that is, an artist of so much skill can reasonably be expected to say more with it. |
| Chopin: Concerto in E minor (Opus 11). Gyorgy Sandor, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 4651, $5.45. | A new cause of esteem for Sandor—or perhaps a cause for new esteem of him. In any case, an impulsive, well-controlled statement of the solo part, also a degree of rapport with the supporting ensemble not too common in recordings. Ormandy adds to his new repute as a stylist (see below) with a beautifully shaded background. Balance and tone are consistently good in the reproduction, even to such details as a bassoon solo. |
| Haydn: Symphonies in F sharp minor ("Farewell") and C major ("Le Midi"). Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 4673, $5.45. | The best-played "Farewell" it has been my pleasure to hear, comfortably surpassing the previously well-regarded one of the Münchinger ensemble in every relevant detail. The superb string tone of the Philadelphia players is artfully shaped to Haydnesque needs by Ormandy, and the horns and oboes in the finale are a delight. In "Le Midi" the *concertino* strings (two violins and a cello) are wonderfully adept. Full-blown sound all the way. |
| Mozart: Concerti in C (No. 21, K. 467) and D (No. 26, K. 537). Joerg Demus, piano, with orchestra conducted by Milan Horvath. Westminster WL 5183, $5.95. | Demus is not quite the individualist, as a pianist, that his Viennese contemporaries Gulda and Badura-Skoda are, but he is well worth hearing in this literature—especially the slow movements and finales. However, I find the chromatic harmonies and remote modulations of the Busoni cadenzas (in the C major) a source of aural discomfort. First-class sound, warm, rich, equable. |
| Mozart: Concerto in D (K. 218). Gerard Poulet, violin, with orchestra conducted by Gaston Poulet. Remington LP R-199-125, $2.49. | Remarkably suave, yet spirited, performance by the youthful Poulet, who sounds like one of the most talented new performers of the day. Clean, incisive style in bravura passages, with a warm surge of tone when it is required. Gaston P. gives him first-rate assistance, and the recording is as good as one could reasonably ask, at the price—or for more. Improved surfaces are worth noting also. (Side two offers three Mozart Overtures: "Don Giovanni," "Entführung," and "Clemenza di Tito," with Gustav Koslik conducting. However, it is the astonishing Poulet who will sell this disc.) |
| Schubert: Trio in B flat (Opus 99). Jean Fournier, violin, Antonio Janigro, cello, and Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Westminster WL 5188, $5.95. | A companion issue to the recording of the second trio (Opus 100) credited to these players some months ago. As before, a beautifully coordinated conception is given maximum articulation in a recording of justice and vitality. And Janigro is more than ever a cellist we should hear in this country. |
| Schubert: Trio in E flat (Opus 100). Adolf Busch, violin, Herman Busch, cello, and Rudolf Serkin, piano. Columbia ML 4654, $5.45 | A memorial to the late Adolf Busch, issued from a recording made informally by a neighbor (Robert Flaherty) in Vermont. Some of the tonal values are less than they would be from a studio tape, but the freshness, elan, and momentum of the playing are decidedly cherishable. Serkin is in especially fine form, but all admirers of Adolf Busch will welcome this addition to the catalogue of recordings bearing his name. |
| Schubert: Octet (Opus 166). Members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Decca DL 9669, $5.85. | The luxury of decrying any version of the breathless "Octet" is not one to which we are yet accustomed—or hope to become accustomed to. This lacks some of the poetic atmosphere which makes the playing of the Vienna Konzerthaus ensemble on Westminster the particular joy that it is, but there is certainly room for varied viewpoints on this singular masterpiece, and the highly qualified Berliners have a valid one. A rather large hall or studio has been used, with a little too much "room tone"; otherwise the recording is very good. My disc was marred by noisy surface, or a faulty matrice. —IRVING KOLODIN. |

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# Spotlight on the Moderns

IGOR STRAVINSKY, whose conducting technique is far from negligible, has been providing of late his own authentic readings of his works under the Columbia imprint, creating thereby some mighty keen competition for conductors who undertake his music. In the face of that competition the new Fricsay version of the "Symphonie des Psaumes" languishes (Decca DL 7526). It has neither the technical expertness nor the perception to challenge the composer's own recording of this masterpiece and it is not even as good as the Ansermet version on London, which is not quite exemplary. The slow pacing for the first movement is not altogether unfamiliar, since we used to hear it this way from time to time until the composer stepped in to set us right. The woodwinds plod along as if they are struggling through an exercise, and there is no urgency to the chorus in its plea, "Hear my prayer, O Lord." The Decca version does, however, derive a measure of distinction from the fact that boy sopranos and altos are used in its performance. (The participating groups are the RIAS Chamber and Boys Choir, St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir and RIAS Symphony.) Stravinsky has found in actual practice that as a rule he can obtain more secure results from mixed chorus, but, as originally conceived, the work called for either four-part chorus of men and boys or mixed chorus.

In either form, it is one of the loftiest twentieth-century achievements, and the existence of three different versions of it on LP is one indication that its status as such is recognized. That the Decca version originated in Germany is no surprise, since interest in Stravinsky is very lively there now.

The name of Josef Matthias Hauer would very likely have fallen into oblivion were it not for the striking achievement of Arnold Schoenberg. As things now stand, there is a danger that historians will make too much of the fact that he antedated Schoenberg in the formulation of a twelve-tone principle. The first example of Hauer's music to appear on domestic records, his "Hölderlin Lieder," Op. 32 (New Records LP 405) makes it quite clear that his role in the development of the twelve-tone system and its musical literature was very insignificant, indeed. Despite his use of twelve-tone "tropes" the songs are pathetically conventional, saccharine and square. Those who still insist that Schoenberg's chief claim to fame was his exploitation of a novel intellectual gimmick should listen to these Hauer songs to realize how much inspiration and ingenuity, with rhythm and color, came into play to determine Schoenberg's influence. Polly Batic's contralto voice leaves something to be desired, but she sings with understanding and fine enunciation, and the recording is a useful historical document.

The songs on the reverse side are not of much consequence: an impressionistic group by Kodály and a cycle, "Fiedellieder," by Křenek in a surprisingly trivial vein that was characteristic of the period of his "Johnny Spielt Auf," before he purified his style with the austerities of twelve-tone technique.

THE arrival on the scene of a new company by the name of Contemporary Records was an occasion for warm words of welcome in this column recently. It was a company originating in New York and dedicated to the fine principle of having composers participate in recordings of their own works. Had I known at the time that on the West Coast another group was emerging with a similar name, I should have been fastidious in transcribing the New York company's label, to wit, "Contemporary Records, Inc., The Authentic Series." The company from Los Angeles calls itself simply Contemporary Records, and its first release to come our way is John Vincent's String Quartet in G (LP C 2002).

Mr. Vincent is described in Virgil Thomson's notes as "inventor of a whole theory, or system, of modal harmony." But its application in this work yields rather commonplace results. He fails to avoid what has been for many decades the chief pitfall of unqualified modality, namely, the absence of tension. His rhythmic and formal organization does not extenuate for the tonal laxity. The music runs up and down scales or their equivalents in a way that seems far too effortless, though it is spirited and cheerful. The performance by the American Art Quartet is a highly polished one, but the paucity of nuance and idiomatic or inventive string sonority in the work itself gives the performing group only the minimum opportunity to show its mettle. Reproduction is very clear.

—ARTHUR BERGER.


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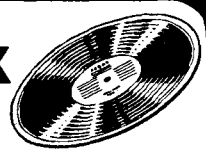

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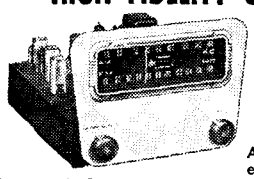

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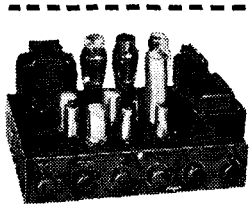

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# THE OTHER SIDE

## (IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

AMONG the record companies only Decca has celebrated the Coronation on a large scale: its crowded June supplement is entirely devoted to British music, and not the least satisfying feature of these discs is the beauty and taste of the record-container design which is common to all of them. This may only be a small point, but it has given us much pleasure at a time when the discerning eye tends to be sorely tried by so much that looks merely cheap and gaudy. Gaudy is certainly an apt epithet for Walton's Coronation March, "Orb and Sceptre," a disappointing piece which poses the question whether we shall ever again hear a new ceremonial march which does not have the words "With apologies to Edward Elgar" written all over it. If our composers must look to the past on occasions such as this, then let it be to Purcell or to the Elizabethans—no one has said anything about a "New Edwardian Age"! "Orb and Sceptre" appears on a Decca record together with Bax's "Coronation March, 1953"—in which the Elgarian idiom is suffused by a quaint delicacy and charm, linking it to the fairy-tale aspect of the ceremonial—and three of Elgar's own masterpieces in this genre, played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent.

For HMV's recording of the Coronation Service, with all its fine music, we must needs wait awhile; this company's present contribution to the festivities is not very inspiring and includes, as forecast, LP reissues of Elgar's First Symphony (ably played by the London Philharmonic under Boult), Bantock's sumptuously Straussian tone-poem "Fifine at the Fair" (one of the best recordings made by Beecham during his HMV period), and Sargent's suave performance of the "Tallis Fantasia," rather inappropriately coupled with Elgar's "Wand of Youth" Suite No. 2.

Decca, on the other hand, has brought us two important and hitherto unrecorded works of Vaughan Williams, the "Pastoral" Symphony and the G minor Mass, both of which were written about thirty years ago. The symphony has been aptly described as "quite unemphatic, as uneventful to a Beethoven-trained ear as is the landscape of southern England to the eye of a man from the Alps." Perhaps it is too English a work to export well, but how much more satisfying is this music than, for instance, Britten's brittle and brilliantly entertaining "Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge," which the Boyd Neel Orchestra plays on another Decca disc together with Warlock's "Capriol Suite." The symphony is nobly performed by the London Philharmonic under Boult, Margaret Ritchie sings the wordless soprano solo in the last movement, and the recording is among Decca's best. The Mass shares a disc with the "Missa in honorem Sancti Dominici" by Edmund Rubbra (who was a pupil of V.W.). Both are sung by the Fleet Street Choir under the direction of T. B. Lawrence, who died quite unexpectedly before he could complete the Rubbra (the composer conducted the two sections which still remained to be recorded).

Decca's superior recording technique applied to the wit and color of Walton's "Façade" should have yielded sparkling results but, in the event, the performance by Robert Irving and the London Symphony Orchestra lacks the necessary bite and verve, while the recording is merely good. Lambert's ballet suite "Horoscope," which is coupled with "Façade," fares rather better, but here too the performance cannot compare with the composer's own. The first LP disc devoted to the music of Delius contains three favorite works —"Brigg Fair," "The Walk to the Paradise Garden" (from "A Village Romeo and Juliet"), and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" (or, as Canon Spooner would have called it, "On cooking the first Hero in Spring!")—as well as the hitherto unrecorded "Song of Summer," a late composition which the blind composer dictated to Eric Fenby. The performances by Anthony Collins and the London Symphony Orchestra are skilful, affectionate, and well recorded, but they lack the Beecham magic.

A delightful surprise is Columbia's complete recording of Lehar's evergreen operetta "The Merry Widow," presented on two LP discs with a distinguished cast including Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Emmy Loose, Erich Kunz, and Nicolai Gedda, supported by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Otto Ackermann. It is a most enjoy-

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able production, containing enough dialogue to suggest a stage performance, and finely recorded.

The only SP event of note has been the initiation of HMV's "History of Music in Sound" which will, one assumes, in time replace Columbia's famous "History of Music by Ear and Eye." It is an ambitious project, sponsored jointly by HMV and the Oxford University Press, which will eventually embrace some dozen volumes (ten to twelve discs apiece), each volume being planned as a "sound supplement" to a volume of the "New Oxford History of Music," now in course of preparation. HMV's first instalment consists of Volumes II (Early Medieval Music up to 1300) and III (Ars Nova and the Renaissance), both of which are edited by Dom Anselm Hughes, the General Editor of the "History" being Professor Gerald Abraham.

The performances by a number of specialist groups are of a very high level of excellence, clearly reflecting the great skill, care, scholarship, and enthusiasm that went into their preparation. The recordings, too, are models of clarity and augur well for the future of this undertaking, one which will take some years to complete. Each volume of records—they are slightly more costly than ordinary 78's, but are well worth the extra expense—is accompanied by a handsomely produced booklet which not only provides extremely helpful notes about the music and translations of the texts but which also reproduces for us each piece in full or in part. While these records will, of course, appeal primarily to the student and to the specialist, amateurs should be grateful too for this opportunity of becoming acquainted with much choice music.

—Thomas Heinitz.

* * *

Vienna.

THE stream of recording activity which has characterized the Vienna scene almost since the dawn of LP continues unabated. The amount of music—repertory or unfamiliar—which has passed in and out of the hands of Vienna's overworked and underpaid musicians in the last four years; the number of conductors which have stepped on and off the various podiums; the variety of ensemble types and sizes in which any one recording musician has participated—all this must add to a rather impressive set of statistics by now. And yet the quality of concert music in Vienna has not suffered; it has if anything improved.

The American conductor F. Charles Adler has completed an impressive concert and recording season here. One of his major efforts was a concert including Bruckner's Third Symphony and a new orchestration of Mahler's incompleted Tenth Symphony, said to bear the approval of Mahler's widow. Both of these works were recorded by Adler for SPA records, and will be released in the fall. Other Adler recordings recently completed here include possibly the finest work of Max Reger, his "Variations on a Theme of Hiller," the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies by Mahler, and that faded but still lovable old operatic warhorse, D'Albert's "Tiefland." For his devotion to the cause of Austrian music Adler was recently awarded the Schoenberg medal.

A young Dutch musican and scholar, Gustav Leonhardt by name, has recently published a book which purports to solve a long-standing controversy over Bach's last work, the "Art of the Fugue." Leonhardt's thesis is that the work belongs solely to the harpsichord, and he supports this with evidence both external (reports on performances soon after Bach's death) and internal (unusual crossings of contrapuntal voices, in a way that becomes clear on the harpsichord but in no other medium). As a final support to his argument Leonhardt has recorded the work for the Bach Guild, using a fairly small harpsichord.

In the same spirit of musicological research the Bach Guild has also brought to light some controversial material regarding the overtures to Bach's four orchestral suites. It seems that modern performances of these overtures are at variance with the practice of Bach's own time as noted in eighteenth-century treatises. The differences occur principally as regards the dotted rhythms which, according to some experts, are generally given today without the abrupt "snap" typical of the baroque "French Overture" on which they are modeled. The four suites have been recorded for Bach Guild by Felix Prohaska and a chamber orchestra, and each record will include two playings of the overture: one according to typical contemporary practice, and one with a stricter interpretation of stylistic practices in Bach's time.

—Alan Rich.

## Review Resume

BEETHOVEN: "Hammerklavier" Sonata (Opus 106). Wilhelm Kempff. Decca DL 9579. Egon Petri. Columbia ML 4479. Wilhelm Backhaus. London LL 602. Solomon. RCA Victor LM 1733. *SR* June 20.

HAYDN: "The Seasons." Ferenc Fricsay conducting RIAS Symphony Orchestra and Choir; with Elfride Trötschel, soprano, Walther Ludwig, tenor, and Josef Greindl, bass. Decca set DX 123. *SR* June 6.


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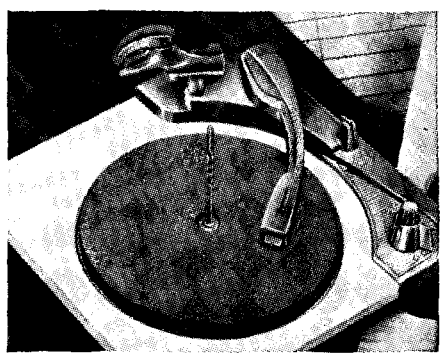

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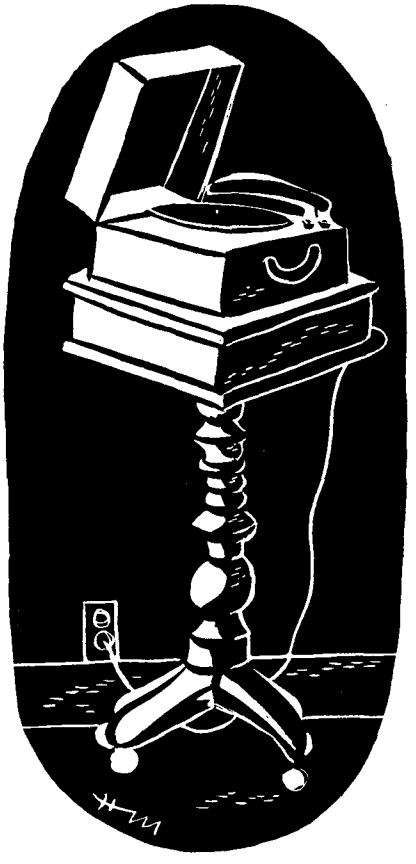
# Portables: Players & Radios

UNLIKE the products of another famous industry, portables are better than ever—but neither wider, taller, deeper, or more dimensional: in fact, lighter, more compact, easier to handle. This applies both to record players with radios and without; and to radios alone. New devices for economizing battery power are a boon in one area as new coverings, improved changer mechanisms, and pickup arms are in the other.

Uncrowned king of the portable realm remains the Libertyphone, though a palace revolution might be said to be brewing. If you have $259.50 to invest in such a device, you can come away with the Super-Libertyphone, with all-wave radio, Webster changer, sapphire stylus, an eleven-tube amplifier. However, for records alone, Liberty offers its high-fidelity unit with diamond stylus on the LP side, an eight-inch Philips speaker, three-speed motor with Webster changer, at $139.95. Then there is the standard Libertyphone, with sapphire stylus in the GE pickup, and eight-inch speaker, at $114.50.

As in the past, the Portomatic is close in quality to the Libertyphone, with a basic price of $124.50. With diamond instead of sapphire, the price is $15 additional. Specifications include GE pickup, Webster changer, eight-inch speaker. Of special interest is a combination offering AM and FM radio at $174 in aero tweed, $209.50 in leather. New in this quality field, though it was first shown (and reported on) last February in Los Angeles, is the Dorset, embodying the excellent Garrard changer, GE pickup, and eight-inch speaker, at $129.50. A special feature of this product is the simulated veneer covering. When used with the chairside stand available at an extra cost of $8.95, it looks less an intruder than a reasonable fixture in a summer cottage or living-room.



While with the machines that strive for quality results, mention might be made of the Columbia "360" ($139.50), which is compact enough to rate as the best table-model record player yet produced, though not a portable in the sense that it has handles or a lightweight construction. Some shops (Liberty, in New York, for example) will replace the sapphire stylus with a diamond one for LP at an extra charge of $28, and appreciably improved results. Powerful record reproduction is available from several of the Rek-O-Kut units, especially the new RT-43VC, an improvement on the previous "Rythmaster," and featuring *two* ten-inch speakers that may be used for better sound dispersal. No changer in this, but the useful feature of the continuously variable speed turntable. With magnetic pickup, this unit is priced at $329.50; with crystal, $309.50. Certainly, if one spends this kind of money the magnetic pickup is a must. (The Rek-O-Kut "Recitalist" at $229.95 is still as good a record player as exists in a compact form.) That useful feature of the adjustable speed turntable (the customary 33, 45 and 78, also any variations from 16 rpm to 100) is also embodied in the Zenith K-666 ($99.95), likewise standard band radio, and record changer. The single stylus in the Cobra arm limits fidelity in the LP area especially.

Between $75 and $100—the "popular price" category—there is an excellent buy in the Webster-Chicago "Webcor" at $87.50 (Webster changer, of course, with GE pickup). The same

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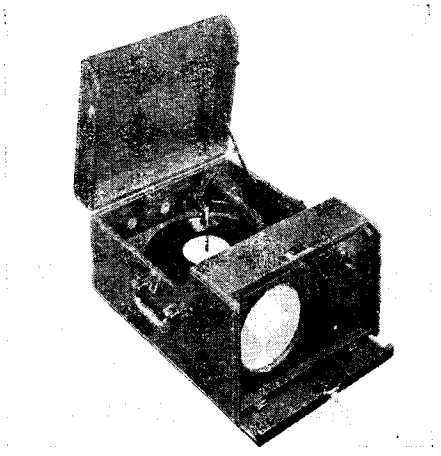

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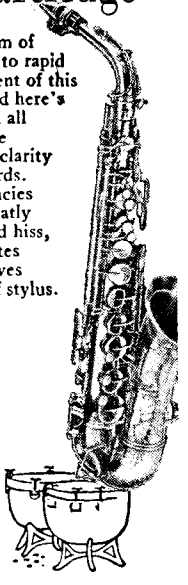

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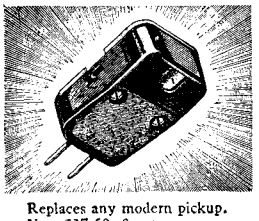

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works—without case, for use as a table player, self-contained—may be had for $64.50. RCA's 2ES-38 at $99.95 is a good-looking affair, with a barrel spindle for playing 45's without use of "spiders" or other things to plug up the large center hole. However, its features are not such as to merit the extra charge. The VM-986 at $86.50, for example, offers the same large spindle, with a 5 x 7 speaker, and effective intermix of 10- and 12-inch records of the same speed. The 990, at $69.95, is also worth investigation. For those who do not insist on a changer, the Webcor B-134 at $54.50 produces highly listenable music. Likewise the Newcomb R-12A. A changer is available in its counterpart, the RC-12.

For those who must have music, even without electric power, the Thorens firm of Switzerland still produces its excellent hand-wound players—suitable, of course, only for 78 rpm.

HOWEVER, if it's music that's wanted where power is not available—the beach, the lawn, the porch, the shade of the old apple tree—the new portable radios are smaller, lighter, yet more powerful and economical than ever. One cause for this is the ceramic loop antenna, which has stepped up the signal-gathering power of the littlest fellow, another are improved B batteries, and a third—making use of the two preceding factors—is a cut-out switch now incorporated in many models to prolong battery life. Thus, if you are close to a sending source, or in a particularly good receiving location, the flip of the switch cuts out one battery, saving it for later use, or under less favorable conditions.

Zenith is still a leader in this field, with its compact K-401 at $29.95 embodying the features noted above. At $49.95 it offers the L-400, covering the shortwave as well as the standard broadcast band. And if you want the last word in battery-operated radios, it has to be the Zenith "TransOceanic," which covers practically any long- or short-wave of use to the human ear, with wire plug-in to save batteries where power is available. RCA's RK-400 is a solid workman in the light economy priced battery category ($34.75), also sparing of battery wear in the strong signal areas. Some attention has been attracted by the Crosley F-100, which can wake you with battery-played music (assuming you fall asleep on the beach) for it bears an alarm-ringing clock within it at $39.95. Lest one wonder what drain this imposes on the dry cells wanted for radio use, the answer is: none, for the clock is a handwound apparatus. —THE EDITOR.

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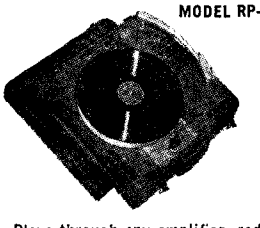

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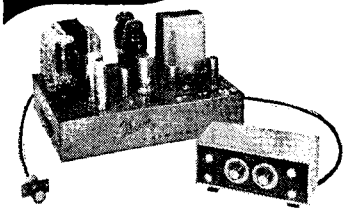

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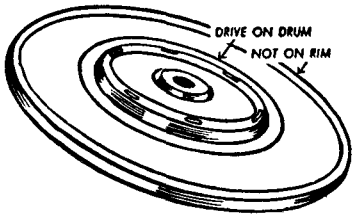


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POP ROUNDUP

# The Era of the Running Gag

RECENT financial statements from the record companies indicate that TV, once held a threat to the entire phonograph industry, has been a boon instead. It keeps people home in the evening, and eventually they get around to playing music. But now it has gone even farther—TV has *created* two smash record hits. Optimistic music publishers may be leaping in the air as they smell in this occurrence a rebirth of that golden era of song-plugging wherein a top vaudeville performer, like a Jolson, would step out on stages from coast to coast and single-handedly belt their new songs into the money. But these new TV-inspired hits aren't even songs. In fact, to a TV abstainer they aren't much of anything. Item No. 1 is a two-sided vamp by the popular comedian Red Buttons, and one side is entitled STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING (Col. 4-39981). If you're a Buttons follower, elaboration here would be unnecessary and possibly sacrilegious. Item No. 2 is even more mystifying. This one features Wally Cox, star of NBC's "Mr. Peepers" show, in a monologue, with audience, entitled WHAT A CRAZY GUY (RCA 47-5278). Evidently we have entered the era of The Running Gag.

Of course, George Jessel has had one running for years and it's available once again through the auspices of Decca's Curtain Call Series. The title, needless to add, is HELLO MOMMA (Dec DU 1517), and this thirty-year-old monologue is still good for a few dozen firm, if non-convulsive laughs. . . . Some may venture that the singing of Marlene Dietrich also qualifies as a Running Gag. Her German songs, issued here several years ago by Vox, were important as folk matter. Her voice, as sharply as George Grosz's pen, portrayed profoundly the depravity and hunger of Germany post-World War I. In her English songs she burlesques herself, but that can be enjoyable too. Characteristic of this approach are FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN and SEE WHAT THE BOYS IN THE BACKROOM WILL HAVE (Dec DU 1514). In her more recent recording period, on Columbia label, her more successful sides have been those in which she completely contradicts her previous glamor roles.

One of our native glamor girls, Libby Holman, came up around the same time Dietrich did. She sang about similar cravings and emotions as indulged amidst the fast Twenties and early depressed Thirties. The "torch song," a sophisticated offspring of the blues, became her particular vehicle and her swooping, blood-warming style inspired some of the better tunes of her time. For her Cole Porter wrote LOVE FOR SALE (from "The New Yorkers"—1930) and Dietz and Rainger wrote MOANIN' LOW (from "The Little Show"—1929). Her old Brunswick recordings of these have been reissued on Decca DU 1515. Even with her more sophisticated material her appeal is basic, and like nothing else in our popular music.

Columbia's extremely popular Doris Day has a young, fresh, vivacious, and unvaried manner with old tunes, and a good deal of her disc and picture success may be credited to her nostalgic repertory. Her latest album contains songs from the film BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON (Col. CL 6248). As usual, the title song is included along with such old timers as "Ain't We Got Fun" and "Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee."

Coral Records, a Decca subsidiary, has in turn sponsored a subsidiary label using the glorious old name of Brunswick. Brunswick's main endeavors to date have been directed at the Negro and jazz markets, but it is also proving a successful nursery for new talent. An especially interesting entity is the young organist-vocalist Sarah McLawler. Her first release, RED LIGHT (Bruns 84010), features some of the most climactic organ stomping since the late Fats Waller. She gets more than a little help here from George Auld's growling, honking tenor sax. Also on Brunswick is the first disc in some time by Jackie Paris, one of the more distinctive vocal stylists and a graduate of the 52nd Street jazz points. Paris has an intimacy and warmth that invite comparison with Nat "King" Cole, and yet his sound is his own. The better side is an appealing ballad, IF LOVE IS GOOD TO ME (Bruns 80217). . . . RCA Victor has also discovered a fine new talent in big-voiced Joe Costa. Costa, from the evidence at hand, could be one of the best rhythm singers around. The tune is KENTUCKY (RCA 47-5301), a slight song sloppily arranged, but Costa comes as a pleasant surprise. —Bill Simon.

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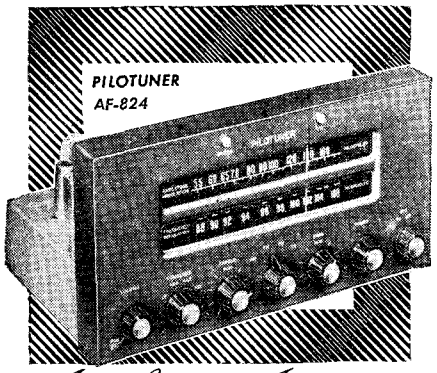


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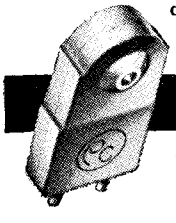

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# Hear! Hear!

*Continued from page 53*

tion of information," i.e., the mental perception of what one hears in either speech or music, is only around 50 to 70 bits per second. Or in still plainer talk: "Thus it is evident that the brain can digest generally *less than one percent* of the information our ears will pass!" (Italics and exclamation point mine—and I think quite rightfully so.)

OF course, as Dr. Jacobson hastens to point out, "It is the ability of the brain to *scan* for those portions of the auditory signal which are of interest" that enables it to make far greater use of the available information than its low instantaneous digestion rate would indicate. And, obviously, it is the ability of the trained mind to integrate its scanned materials and coordinate them with the memory-stored materials of previous experience that gives the professional conductor or critic his genuine powers of "hearing" more than any untrained listener, even though the latter's ears may have a far better acoustic response.

Now, the novice listener well may argue that all this simply transforms the basic problem rather than solves it. For "golden ears," simply read "specialized perception"—which seems a poor cure for a chronic inferiority-complex. Yet the mere shift in focus can be vitally significant. For it leads at last to a clear realization that superior "hearing" does not depend, as you may believe, wholly on the chances of fate and birth. Like so much else, "hearing" too is all (well, almost all!) "in your mind"! Certainly, superior perception is accessible to practically anyone willing to learn—both how to listen, for which the main requirement is attentiveness, and how to discriminate, which, developed largely through experience, alone can give full meaning to whatever we listen to.

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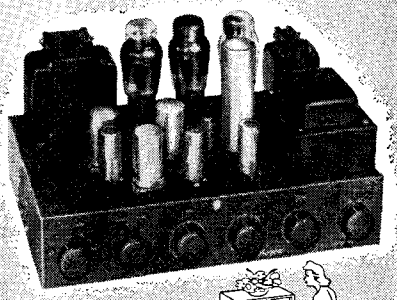

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# Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

### SEBASTIAN OR FURTWÄNGLER?

IN YOUR REVIEW of Flagstad's new HMV recording [*SR* May 30] you commend . . . "the masterly hand" of Furtwängler as conductor in the "Siegfried" duet and regret Sebastian's lack of Wagnerian temperament in the "Götterdämmerung" excerpt. With these musical judgments any informed and objective critic would, I think, agree. I wonder, however, if the label on my copy of this record is incorrect. It clearly indicates that Sebastian is the conductor for the "Siegfried" excerpt, and that Furtwängler was on deck for the "Götterdämmerung." Since the turgid and ponderous approach to Wagner has been adopted by Furtwängler in the past, and since George Sebastian has exhibited on several recent record releases considerable style and verve in such . . . items as the Paris Opéra's complete "Thaïs," I would venture the strong possibility that your record was incorrectly labeled, and that mine was correct.

DOUGLAS M. HAYNES.

Dallas, Texas

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Unfortunately, the charitable suggestion of Dr. Haynes (this correction was offered by several other readers) cannot obscure the fact that the Editor misstated the credits involved. Sebastian was, in fact, the conductor of the "Siegfried" excerpt, with Furtwängler accountable for the "Götterdämmerung" finale. The only extenuating circumstance is the credits on the face of the record sleeve, which read Wagner: "Siegfried" ("Awakening Scene") and "Die Götterdämmerung" ("Brünnhilde's Immolation"), Kirsten Flagstad-Set Svanholm, Philharmonia Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler and George Sebastian, conductors. This would suggest the couplings attributed in the review. In summation, however, the bench gladly reverses its sentence, and credits the good work to Sebastian, the less good to Furtwängler.*

### ADDENDA ON THE "ENIGMA"

I AM HAPPY that the judges in the "Enigma" contest saw sufficient merit in my little essay to award me a prize. However, I should like to call attention to a single word in the paragraph of the essay as it was printed which, as it stands, does me no credit. The phrase "lack of compatability" should be "lack of comparability."

BERNARD MANDEL.

Arlington, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Contestant Mandel was referring to his belief in Elgar as a "man with both a sense of humor and an artist's awareness of the lack of comparability between the artist and those of us who attempt to explain the artist's work." The record stands corrected.*

### ALSO HEINITZ

IN RE THE OPINIONS of Thomas Heinitz—I must agree with the EDITOR'S NOTE rather than with either readers Rudyard and Glaberman. If a record happens to be cheaper, so much the better. But the most important thing is the artistry involved. I would rather have one first-class record than two inferior ones.

ERIC FINE.

Youngstown, O.


## JULY RELEASES

**J. S. BACH:**

**Cantata No. 76 ("Die Himmel Erzahlen Die Ehre Gottes").** Magda Laszlo—Soprano, Hilde Roessel-Majdan—Contralto, Petre Munteanu—Tenor, Richard Standen—Bass, Akademiechor, Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, Conducted by Hermann Scherchen. **WL 5201**

**JOSEF HAYDN:**

**Trio No. 1 for Violin, Cello and Piano in G Major; Trio No. 28 for Violin, Cello and Piano in G Major; Trio No. 30 for Violin, Cello and Piano in D Major.** Jean Fournier—Violin, Antonio Janigro—Cello, Badura-Skoda—Piano. **WL 5202**

**SCARLATTI:**

**Sonatas for Harpsichord, Vol. V.** Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. **WL 5205**

**SCHUBERT:**

**String Quartet Series 5 No. 4 in C Major; String Quartet Series 5 No. 5 in B Flat Major.** Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. **WL 5210**

**BEETHOVEN:**

**String Quartet in D Major Op. 18, No. 3; String Quartet in C Minor Op. 18, No. 4.** Barylli Quartet. **WL 5211**

**Music by Schubert.** Leslie Bridgewater and Westminster Light Orch. **WL 4006**

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21 SCARLATTI, D.—SONATAS 265, 128, 457, 467, 286, 293, 281, 396, 8, 62, 204, L. Sup. 35 for Piano, Soulima Stravinsky, pianist

87 SCARLATTI, A.—MOTETTO DA REQUIEM—PORPORA—SALVE REGINA (Italian Church Cantatas), Yves Tinayre, bari.; with Chamber Orch. and organ

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